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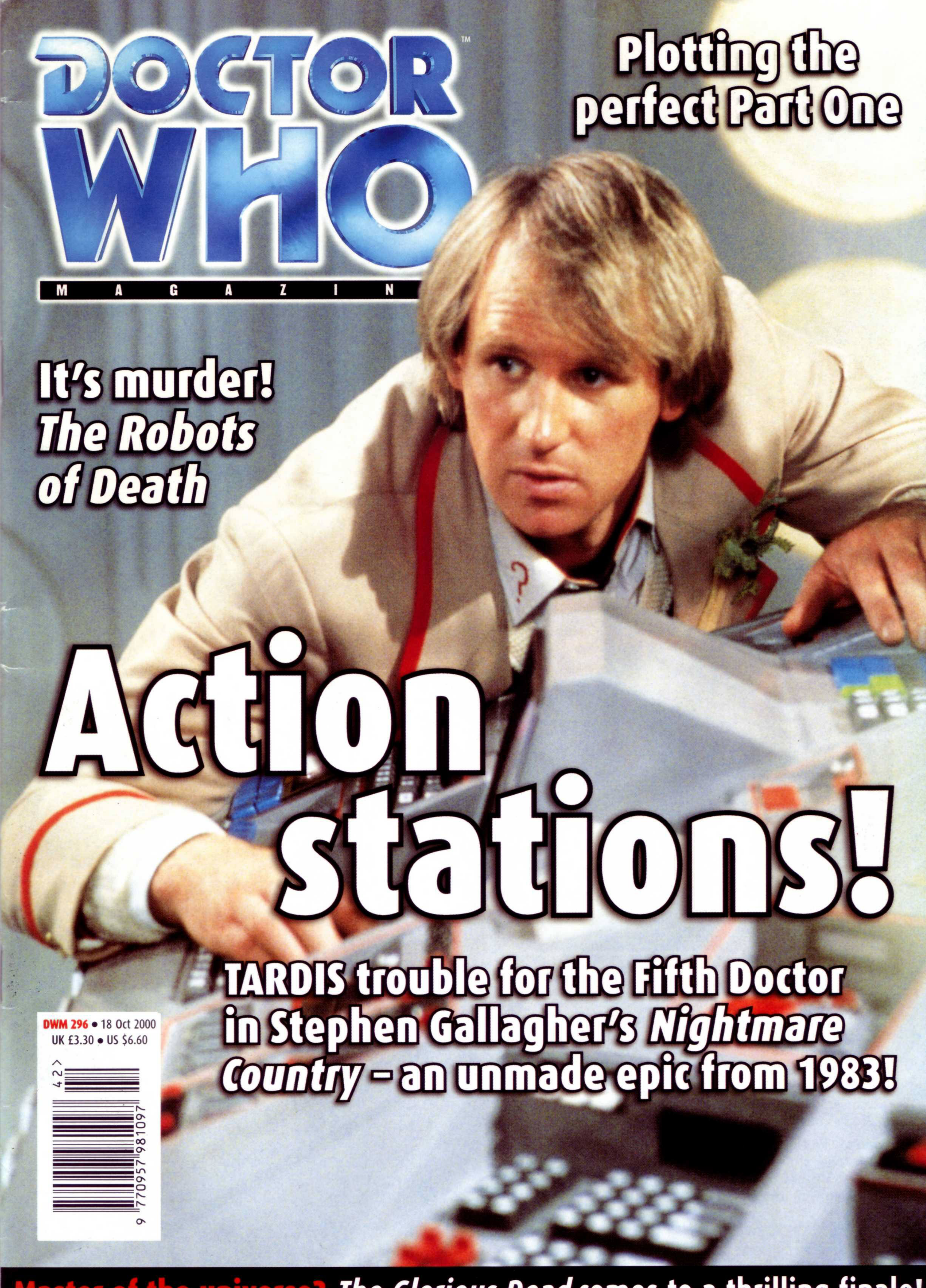

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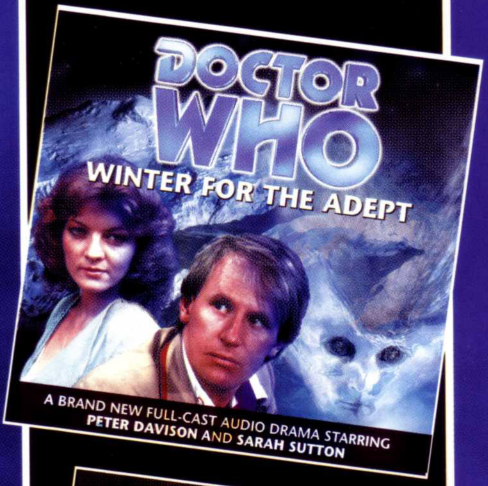
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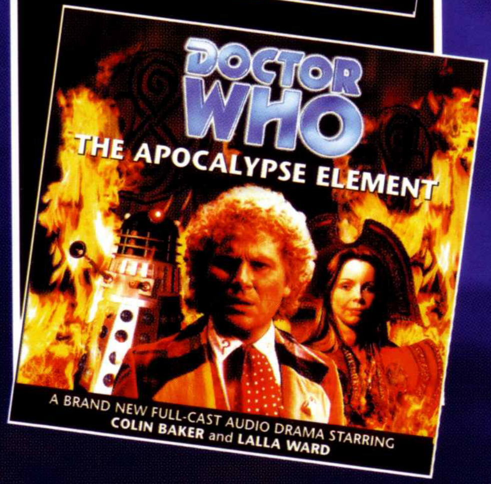
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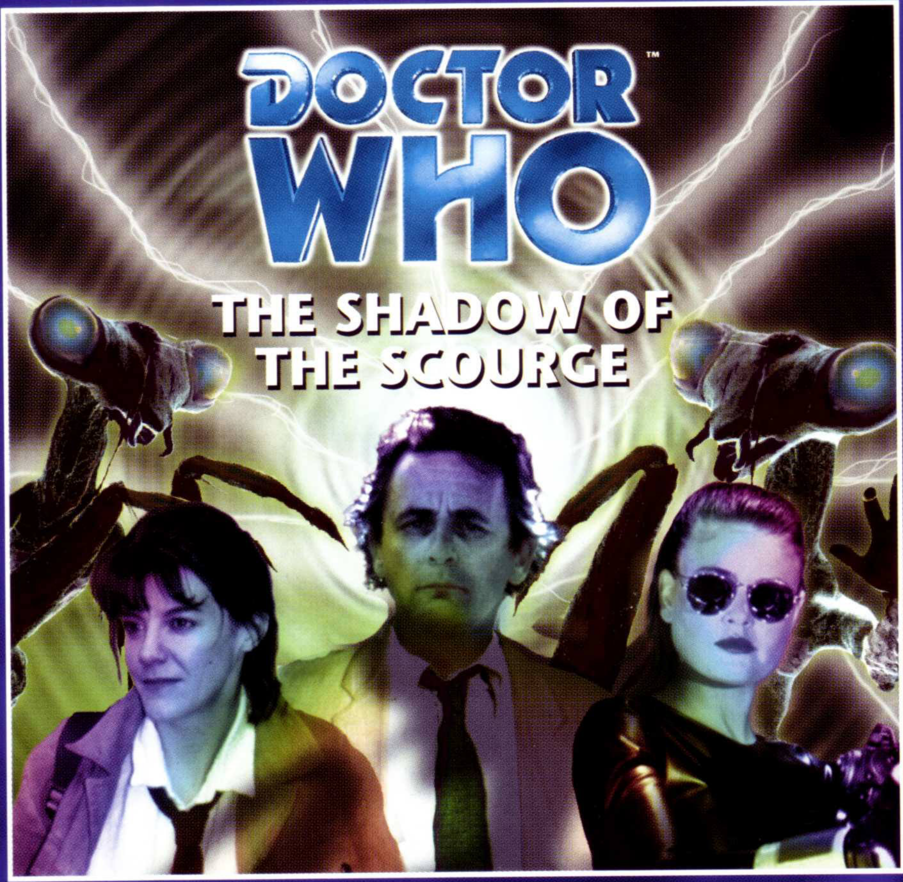
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DWM 296 'Inconsequential but fun'

FEATURES

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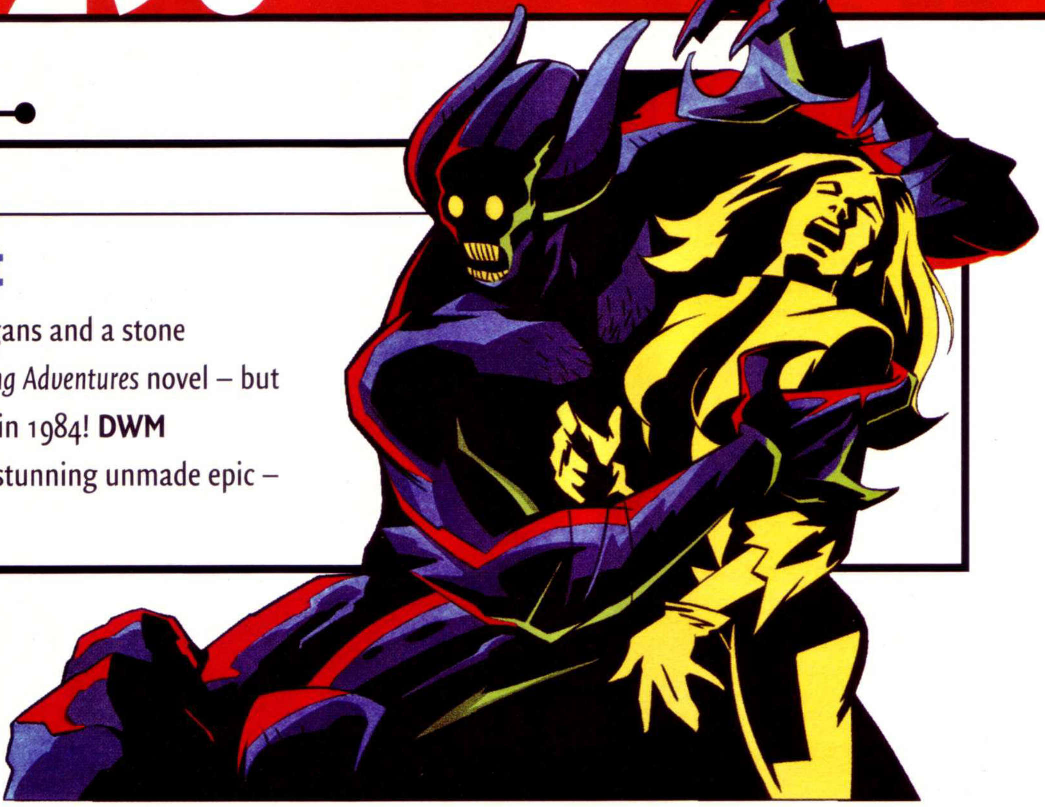
Graveyard shift

An amnesiac Fifth Doctor, two Tegans and a stone TARDIS? It may sound like a *Missing Adventures* novel – but you nearly watched it on the telly in 1984! **DWM** investigates Stephen Gallagher's stunning unmade epic – *Nightmare Country*!



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46 Mind my loincloth, missus!

As *Doctor Who*'s first-ever villain, the fire-fixated caveman Kal, Jeremy Young was there at the start of a legend. He tells **DWM** about briefs, bites and BBC English on the prehistoric plains . . .

8 First nights

Whether it's a mystery in a junkyard, anti-matter in the drains or a sailing ship in space, you've got to hook the viewers from the start. In the first of a new series of features, we take a look at the perfect way to kick off a *Doctor Who* story . . .

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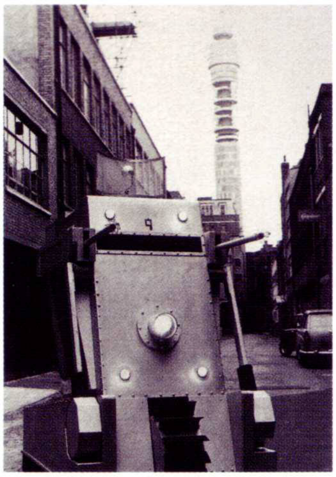

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. . . versus The War Machines!
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Gallifrey Guardian

Tiger adventure? Gr-r-reat!

Two new titles have been added to BBC Books' 2001 list. With Chris Boucher's *Psience Fiction* postponed until later in the year, Martin Day's *Bunker Soldiers* moves up to the February 'past Doctors' slot – and March now sees the release of *Asylum*, a Fourth Doctor adventure by Peter Darvill-Evans, author of October's *Independence Day*. June, meanwhile, sees the return of Kate Orman and Jonathan Blum to the Eighth Doctor range with *The Year of Intelligent Tigers*. More next issue.

J'adore Kaldor!

Recording is currently taking place on a new series of audio adventures entitled *Kaldor City*, which feature some of author Chris Boucher's most famous creations from the worlds of *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7*.

Reprising his role as Commander Uvanov from *The Robots of Death* is Russell Hunter [pictured], while Scott Fredericks (himself no stranger to *Doctor Who*, having appeared as Max Stael in Boucher's *Image of the Fendahl*) will play psycho-strategist Carnell, as he did in the *Blake's 7* story *Weapon*. Other familiar names joining the cast include *Blake/Robots* stalwart Brian Croucher as Cotton, Paul Darrow as assassin Kaston Iago, ORAC voice artiste Peter Tuddenham as Strecker, plus Trevor Cooper and Peter Miles as *Corpse Marker*'s Rull and Landerchild. The Robots themselves also make a re-appearance.

Two stories are currently in production: *Occam's Razor* by Alan Stevens and Jim Smith, and Boucher's own *Death's Head*. Boucher will be acting as executive producer to the range; Alan Stevens produces and shares a co-directing credit with Big Finish sound supremo Alastair Lock. Described as "hard and violent, but very witty", these new adventures are due for CD release in the first quarter of 2001.

Androzani set for DVD ● Delta completes McCoy video collection

Davison digitised in 2001

Sharaz Jek in *The Caves of Androzani*. Inset: *Delta and the Bannermen*

Video and DVD releases planned for the early part of next year by BBC Worldwide now include the highly-regarded *The Caves of Androzani* and the highly camp *Delta and the Bannermen*.

January sees re-releases of both the first and last TV stories featuring Terry Nation's immortal Daleks. Joining the eagerly-awaited *Remembrance of the Daleks* DVD will be an unedited and remastered video version of *The Daleks*. Extras for the *Remembrance* disc include 13 deleted and/or extended scenes as an additional section, plus a series of out-takes from the recording sessions. The package also features the two original BBC1 trailers for the story, two multi-angle sequences (featuring Ace's baseball attack on a Dalek and the impressive gate explosion scene), a voiceover commentary from Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred, an extensive photo gallery, an isolated audio track holding Keff McCulloch's entire soundtrack for the story, plus subtitles.

In March, the entire Sylvester McCoy era will have made it to home video when rock 'n' roll romp *Delta and the Bannermen* plugs the only remaining gap in the Seventh Doctor's sell-through adventures. Following this, BBC Worldwide has tentatively scheduled fan favourite and Fifth Doctor swansong *The Caves of Androzani* for DVD release in April. Extras are currently being planned, and will hopefully include portions of the surviving unedited studio and film footage.

DWM previews add-ons for December's DVD release

Speaking of Spearhead . . .

With last year's *The Five Doctors Special Edition* DVD having sold rather well, BBC Worldwide was keen to slip another story into the DVD schedules between *The Robots of Death* and *Remembrance of the Daleks*. The only problem was that it had to be something that could be delivered quickly and cheaply . . .

Restoration Team stalwarts Paul Vanezis and Steve Roberts had no hesitation in nominating *Spearhead From Space* as the ideal title. A lot of remastering work had already been done on the story for its recent BBC2 repeat, and all that was required for its DVD release was to improve the sound quality of the episodes, and remove some dirt on the film that had slipped through the original restoration work.

Courtney and John: 1970

To make the disc something really special, it was suggested that an audio commentary track be recorded for the story, and so Nicholas Courtney and Caroline John were contacted. Both were only too happy to participate in the project and on June 20, the alter-egos of Liz Shaw and the Brigadier settled down to wax lyrical about Jon Pertwee's *Doctor Who* debut.

At first, both actors had to strain to retrieve memories of a production they participated in over 30 years previously, but within minutes they had settled into their stride and anecdotes flowed thick and fast. Away from the microphones, Nick recounted his recent pleasure in working with Paul McGann's Doctor for Big Finish, and Caroline John explained the reasons why – until relatively recently – she had shied away from the world of *Doctor Who*; she was under the impression that 'everyone' thought she was no good in it!

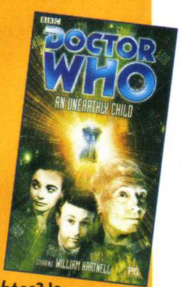
Finally completed, the audio commentary was added to the final package, which also includes the BBC2 trailers for the repeats of Episodes 1 and 2 of this story, an impressive photo gallery of images from the BBC and *Radio Times* archives, and Kevin Davies' whimsical *UNIT Recruitment Film*, first shown on BBC1 in 1993.

Richard Molesworth

Win Old Mother!

BBC Video's beautifully remastered version of *Doctor Who*'s very first thrilling adventure on the Paleolithic polystyrene of Lime Grove is available from all good video stockists this month. But you, dear reader, could be the proud winner of one of ten tremendous copies that we have to give away. Ah, but only if you can answer the following question:

What is the name of Horg's daughter? Is it: [a] Hur; [b] Her; or [c] Er . . .



Answers on the back of a postcard or a stuck-down envelope marked HE WILL ALWAYS GIVE YOU MEAT to the editorial address on page six by 18 October.

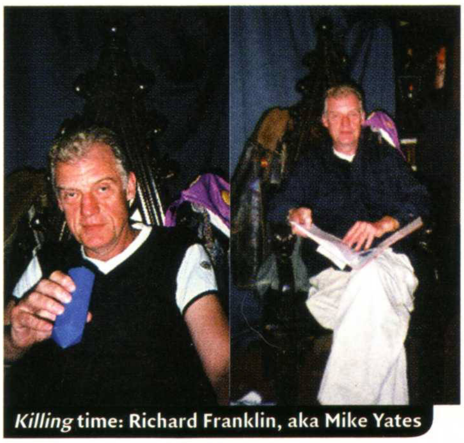
Franklin flops at the Fringe

Stone cold

Fifteen years on from *Recall UNIT: the Great T-Bag Mystery*, Dave Owen samples another Pertwee-era oddity at the Edinburgh Festival . . .

The omens were not encouraging. Richard Franklin had chosen to extrapolate the adventures of his TV character, Captain Mike Yates of UNIT, at the Claremont, an Edinburgh pub more usually frequented by the capital's *Doctor Who* group than by the Fringe's Perrier Award nominees. Franklin therefore had to compete with the clink of glasses at the bar while performing to an audience in single figures at the height of the August festival, possibly due to the relative lack of publicity about the show.

In fact, "show" would be a rather generous description of an hour's reading by Franklin from *The Killing Stone*, his as-yet-unpublished manuscript, whilst the actor occasionally dipped into a carpet bag of props. Walking on to a cruelly prophetic *Bridge Over Troubled Waters*, he launched into his story – a generic tale of an action hero taking a holiday. Soon, we were in flashback mode, courtesy of a nonsensical coda to *Planet of the Spiders* which sees Mike receive a proper send-off from all his UNIT colleagues, including the Doctor – who has presumably decided not to return to Metebelis III or regenerate after all.


***Killing* time: Richard Franklin, aka Mike Yates**

As the hour wore on, it became clear that nothing of consequence was going to happen to Yates, save a series of disjointed flashbacks and reflections (how on Earth could someone who was brought up during World War Two drive along the M25 listening to Bruce Springsteen at the age of 23?). It also became apparent that Franklin had elected to shoehorn as many of his beliefs and values into Yates as possible, leaving him a keen sportsman (enumerating said sports as if reading a CV), fond of Irish whiskey, and intolerant of Brussels bureaucracy.

The day I attended, his stage manager hadn't bothered turning up, leaving Franklin's costume changes embarrassingly devoid of linking music. Attention was instead focused on his prose – which had, very obviously, been combed neither by a knowledgeable *Doctor Who* fan nor by a script editor. Countless times, 'Yates' reiterated that he had been dismissed from UNIT, or opined that the Doctor – or the Brigadier, or Professor Jones, or Whitaker – was A Good Man. Yes, A Good Man.

Throughout a completely untelegraphed ending and subsequent Q & A session we struggled to find a polite place to generate a round of applause. Richard Franklin is personable and energetic, and clearly has a lot of affection for the character he played nearly 30 years ago, but this show and manuscript both need a lot of work before they are ready for the public.

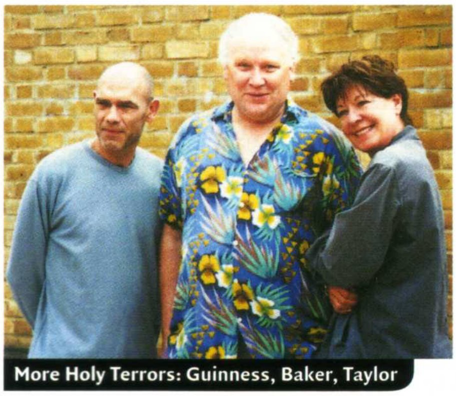
Afterwards, Franklin could be observed telephoning the Fringe box office to ask how many tickets had been sold for the next performance. My heart went out to him.

More audio adventures to come from Big Finish

Licence renewed!

Big Finish Productions' licence to produce original *Doctor Who* audio adventures has been extended.

A BBC Worldwide representative told **DWM**: "Big Finish has been doing a fantastic job, both in terms of the quality of its product and in raising the profile of *Doctor Who* in general, and we're very pleased to see this continue."


More Holy Terrors: Guinness, Baker, Taylor

More information on the company's output for the latter half of 2001 is now available. July's release is *Dark Rising*; penned by FX wizard Mike Tucker, it has the Seventh Doctor and Ace facing the monstrous Krill from Tucker's popular BBC novel, *Storm Harvest*. August's intriguingly-titled *The One Doctor* reunites Colin Baker and Bonnie Langford as the Sixth Doctor and Mel; a frantic romp around the galaxy in the company of some rather surprising characters, it marks the Big Finish writing debuts of Gareth Roberts and Clayton Hickman. September brings an as-yet-untitled play from Steve Lyons; again featuring the Seventh Doctor and Ace, it's set in the notorious World War Two prison, Colditz. Finally, November's story is *Project: Twilight*, a Sixth Doctor and Evelyn adventure from newcomers Cavan Scott and Mark Wright; a gritty tale of vampirism in modern-day London, the story promises gore, gambling and garlic galore.

***The Holy Terror*: Colin Baker and Sam Kelly**

Pictured: the early August recording session for November's release, The Holy Terror, *with guest stars Peter Guinness, Roberta Taylor and Sam Kelly joining Sixth Doctor Colin Baker*

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

Compiled by Dominic May

Television **Tom Baker** is preparing to play wolf hunter Quimby in the new BBC comedy *Fun & Games in the Funeral Parlour*. **Colin Baker** is reprising his 1997 role of the Judge for *Hollyoaks*' male rape trial. **Sylvester McCoy** hosted a history of the Police Box on 21 August in *Doctorin' the TARDIS*, an edition of *Artery*, a Scottish ITV arts show. **Philip Hinchcliffe** has resigned as Scottish Television Enterprises' controller of drama.

Film *The Asylum*, in which **Colin Baker** plays Arbuthnot [see **DWM** 284], was screened at the Edinburgh International Film Festival – as was **Sylvester McCoy**'s *Mumbo Jumbo* [**DWM** 290]. **James Acheson** is to be the costume designer on the upcoming *Spiderman* motion picture.

Stage **Colin Baker** replaces Tim Brooke-Taylor in the tour of *Why Me?* from week commencing 16 October at the Lyceum Theatre, Crewe. The play subsequently visits Barnstable, Cheltenham, either Aberdeen or Swansea, before ending in Peterborough. Colin will play Herman the Henchman opposite **Louise Jameson** [pictured] as the Wicked Queen in *Snow White* at the Wycombe Swan over the Christmas period. **Frazer Hines** has been cast as Inspector Hubbard (a former **Peter Davison** role) in a month's tour of *Dial M For Murder* commencing 3 October in Darlington. At Christmas he will be Buttons in *Cinderella* at the Oakengates Theatre, Telford. **Rona Munro**'s *Sex + Chocolate MsFits* was performed during the Edinburgh Festival and is now on tour in England and Scotland.

Miscellaneous During her summer show's run in Weymouth, **Bonnie Langford** reportedly had a run-in with Radio 1's Chris Moyles. Angered by various on-air comments, petite Bonnie rushed out to confront the heavyweight DJ, who was broadcasting on the beach.

Obituary **Eddie Powell**, both 'Thompson' in, and stunt supervisor on, 1960s movie *Daleks: Invasion Earth 2150 AD*, passed away in August; also a stuntman on Aaru's *Dr Who and the Daleks*, he went on to double for Tom Baker in *The Deadly Assassin*'s famous Matrix scenes. **David Neal**, the President in *The Caves of Androzani*, died on 27 June aged 68.

DOCTOR WHO
Plotting the perfect Part One
It's murder! The Robots of Death
Action stations!
TARDIS trouble for the Fifth Doctor in Stephen Gallagher's Nightmare Country – an unmade epic from 1983!

Eagle-eyed readers of *Gallifrey Guardian* may have noticed that your editor has been moonlighting of late for Big Finish Productions, purveyors of aural pleasure to the people – and 'a play what I wrote' (to paraphrase another short, fat comedian, albeit one with hairier legs than I) will be released early next year. But I don't want you to think that this month's column is a thinly-veiled excuse to blow my own trumpet – when the time comes, that'll be *Shelf Life*'s job. What is it they say about how absolute power corrupts absolutely? (PS: I am, of course, joking. *Shelf Life* remains resolutely impartial, *blah blah blah*.)

Anyway, back to the point. I've only brought up the subject of *Storm Warning* (that's *S-t-o-r-m W-a-r-n-i-n-g*, available January – a snip at just £13.99 double CD/£9.99 double cassette) because in this very issue we begin *The Adventure Game*, a four-part series which slits open the gizzards of the archetypal *Doctor Who* story to ask: how does it work? What makes a uniquely *Doctor Who* plot? How does it develop, and progress? What's the perfect Part One – and what's the epitome of Episode Four?

Believe me, writing a *Doctor Who* story is a darn sight harder than it seems

Such issues have struck a particular chord with yours truly, fresh from far too many through-the-night sessions pondering reveals, cliffhangers, turning points, reversals, character development, exposition and the End of the Line – not to mention my off-the-cuff theory about how chocolate consumption increases exponentially with writer's block (Sherlock Holmes used to talk about 'three-pipe problems'. The first five minutes of my Part Four were a six-Twix bafflement, with a mint Aero and a Limited Edition Orangey Penguin thrown in).

So it's a very story-centric issue, this time; elsewhere, as promised last month, you'll find the complete outline for Stephen Gallagher's third *Doctor Who* serial, the sadly-unmade *Nightmare Country*. And it's a *peach*: luvverly structure – all elegant twists, exquisite detailing and magnificent framing . . . I mean, I hate to come over all Brian Sewell here (note to overseas readers and/or philistines: plummy-voiced critic, writes for the *London Evening Standard*), but isn't a well-paced script a work of art? I mean, I was watching *City of Death* not long ago (as I do roughly once every six weeks; I expect you're the same), and I found myself thinking, you can stuff your Damien Hirst carcasses and your Tracey Emin mattresses – now here's an item which *deserves* to be displayed in Tate Modern (or, indeed, the Louvre).

All the same, plenty of people won't 'get it' – won't be able to take in its sweeping magnificence, will be unmoved by the beautiful rhythms of the "I say, what a wonderful butler!" scene, and how every *bon mot*, every wave and twinkle furthers and develops both characters and plot. Me, I'm still flabbergasted: having tried it myself, my admiration and respect for 'David Agnew' – and Stephen Gallagher, Chris Boucher (author of this issue's Archive, *The Robots of Death*), Terry Nation and every other scribe who's ever plotted out the Doctor's adventures – has only increased. Believe me, writing *Doctor Who* – and getting it right – is a darn sight harder than it seems.

Just space to welcome *Time Team* tyke Clayton Hickman as **DWM**'s new Assistant Editor. A warm hand on his entrance, please . . .

Editor Alan Barnes
Assistant Editor Clayton Hickman
Design Peri Godbold

Production Mark Irvine
Managing Editor Alan O'Keefe
Managing Director Miles Stevens-Hoare

Thanks to **Benjamin Cook**, **Stephen Gallagher**, **Richard Molesworth**, **Jac Rayner**, **Justin Richards**, **Adrian Rigelsford**, **Steve Roberts**, **Julie Rogers**, **Gary Russell**, **Martin Wiggins**, **Jeremy Young**, **BBC Books**, **BBC Radio Collection**, **BBC Video** and **Big Finish**

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Timelines

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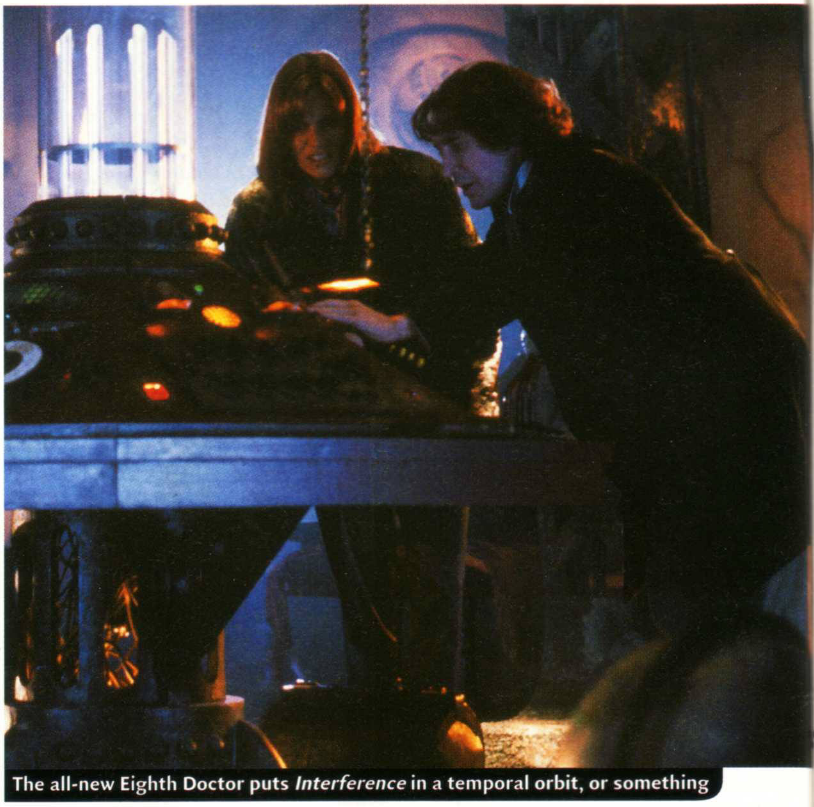


The all-new Eighth Doctor puts *Interference* in a temporal orbit, or something

BURNING ISSUES

There's been a big 'thumbs-up' to our expanded coverage of new *Doctor Who* books and audios, resulting in a glut of shiny, happy letters this issue. How disconcerting! Don't tell us you're all going soft in your old age?

I had a letter published in *Timelines* a few issues ago stating that unless **DWM**'s book and audio coverage became more balanced, I wouldn't be back. Well, thanks to issue 294, my faith in **DWM** has been restored. It's fantastic, like a breath of fresh air. Keep the standards this high and I'll never doubt you again!

Erik Pollitt
via e-mail

Is it me or is there a decidedly optimistic tone to **DWM** – and *Doctor Who* in general – of late? Maybe it's down to the joy of hearing Big Finish hit their stride recently, or the fresh blood in your magazine (sorry Gary, but it's never looked better!), but after a decade of arguing over what's best, perhaps we're finally pulling together and realising that we're all on the same side.

I didn't follow the Virgin *New Adventures* and, up to now, have resisted buying the BBC novels, feeling that the ongoing story arcs would make getting into them difficult. Now, though, I've decide to give them a try and am currently enjoying my first BBC book, *The Burning*. To all **DWM** readers who don't presently buy the books, can I just point out that it contains no references to past books and is a good, traditional story to boot. If you're ever going to give the books a try, now is the time.

So congratulations to Big Finish, **DWM** and the BBC. At long last it feels like *Doctor Who* is back!

Simon Hunt
via e-mail

Sentiments echoed by **Steve Matthewman** from Chesterfield, who entreats you all to "pick up a copy of *Prime Time*, settle down in a comfy chair and let the printed word transport you away to new realms of adventure and excitement." But our next correspondent isn't sure whose adventures he'll be sharing. . .

NOT THE REAL McGANN?

I have just finished reading the Eighth Doctor's latest adventure, *The Ancestor Cell*.

At last! The *Interference* arc is over. Unlike most *Doctor Who* fans who hated the arc it was not so much the sequence of events which bothered me, but rather what was done to the character of the Doctor himself.

In an ongoing series of novels you can expect the personality of the main character to change and develop over time, much as a real person develops due to his own experiences. But the character's original personality will still be there; it doesn't just disappear. In recent novels, however, the Eighth Doctor's unique personality has vanished, and he seems to have become a mere amalgam of his last three incarnations, with barely a hint of Paul McGann's portrayal showing through.

Earlier books in the series, such as *Vampire Science*, *Demontage*, *Seeing I* and *Revolution Man* seemed to capture McGann's Doctor whilst also showing a progression of his character since the events of the TV Movie.

Unfortunately, the *Interference* arc seemed to mistake the idea of character development with continuity sensationalism, like the Third Doctor regenerating on Dust, Compassion developing into a TARDIS, Gallifrey being destroyed alongside the Faction Paradox etc.

Now once again we are at the beginning of a new arc, this time masterminded by Justin Richards. In **DWM** 288, Mr Richards says "in many ways, the narrative framework is less interesting than . . . what we are doing with Doctor's character." Well, can I suggest that before he starts to change the Doctor's character he should re-watch the TV Movie and re-read the earlier stories I have mentioned (including the one written by himself)? Then I think he will have a good basis for the 'new' character of the Eighth Doctor.

Oh, and let's have things a little more upbeat please.

Peter G Douglas
Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland

Talking of new books, we also received a plea from **Andrew Muller** of Chatham, who thoroughly enjoyed our look at the unmade Hartnell historical *Farewell Great Macedon* back in **DWM** 294. Andrew reckons "It sounds like a superb piece of early *Doctor Who* and would make a magnificent addition to the PDA series. So how about it, Justin Richards? Commission Morris Farhi to turn his script into a novel and let everyone enjoy this story to its fullest."

21st CENTURY BOY

Anyway, back to that "optimistic tone":

It was a wet, uneventful and very dull Saturday and I decided to pop to the shops. There, I bought an issue of **Doctor Who Magazine**, my first for some 14 years!

I have now subscribed to **DWM** and am frantically searching for back issues. I have also bought all of the Big Finish audios and subscribed for another six. I've bought some Eighth Doctor and past Doctor novels and I even trudged up into the attic to retrieve my old Target books, just to relieve those old memories – in short, I believe I have been reborn!

A huge thank you to all at **DWM**, Big Finish and BBC books for giving me *Doctor Who* – 21st century style. Which, in my opinion, is a huge improvement over *Doctor Who* of the 1980s.

Thank god for wet, uneventful May Saturdays!

Paul Stirch
Tamworth, Staffs

But not everyone is full of praise for the Doctor's latest exploits . . .

In response to Paul Bowler's recent letter [*Timelines*, **DWM** 293]: so "any new *Doctor Who*, whatever shape or form it takes, must be better than no *Doctor Who* at all"? Yeah, right!

I'm sick and tired of *Doctor Who* (and the Doctor in particular) being utilised as a tool for those who wish to forcibly express their own political and social agendas/ideologies. Investing *Doctor Who* with what one might (erroneously) term an 'adult sensibility' is also intolerable. Gratuitous sex and profanity – something several of the Virgin/BBC books have wallowed in – has no place in *Doctor Who*, and neither does anti-religious sentiment. A case in point: Part Seven of *The Glorious Dead* [**DWM** 293], where Christians are referred to as "the servants of a false god". Attributing the murderous behaviour of those who, claiming to be Christian, participated in the Inquisition is demeaning and improper. A profession of faith is not necessarily equatable with true faith, something that writer Scott Gray deliberately avoids illustrating.

The inclusion of such controversial material serves no purpose but to insult and alienate a particular group. According to Paul Bowler, however, I'm supposed to simply like it or lump it and just be thankful that something labelled *Doctor Who* is being spewed out somewhere by somebody. This idea that it is inappropriate for fans to demand their money's worth when purchasing this merchandise is ridiculous.

This bastardisation of what was once a quality programme is not acceptable, and the last thing we need is more of it. Some kind of *Doctor Who* is *not* necessarily better than none.

Jude Black
via e-mail

PAUL TO OPEN

Well, at least some of you are happy to see new *Doctor Who*, and one person's imminent return still has you punching the air with glee . . .

Having just received my copy of *The Apocalypse Element*, can I just be permitted to say, particularly in light of the recent 'rad/trad' debate, how wonderful the new Big Finish episodes are?

In a hopelessly nostalgic effort to recreate that magical childhood feeling, I have taken to listening to the CDs one episode at a time on Monday nights after work. However a recent trip to Tenerife put the mockers on my nicely-organised system and so *Winter for the Adept* finished on the day that the new Dalek story arrived. I was disciplined, however, and still haven't listened to the first episode, but on Tuesday night I was overcome with anticipation and played the first few minutes of the CD. And what did I find? Not the theme music as expected, but a trailer for Season 27! This was too much to take and several repeated listenings took place before I went to bed and pretended to go to sleep!

No longer do I have to imagine McGann's portrayal, no longer do I have to make do with *Earth and Beyond* – this is it: real, new *Doctor Who* with the current incarnation! Never mind the BBC and their continual resistance to spend money, there are people out there making episodes to entertain an audience, not to achieve a certain viewing figure.

McGann: no backers required

Much as I am looking forward to Radio 4's *Death Comes to Time*, I'm afraid it's too little, too late. The audio crown belongs to Big Finish!

Ken Moss
Preston, Lancs

In a magazine recently I read the headlines 'BBC Ready To Make *Doctor Who* Film Deal' and 'Paul McGann Signs For Big Finish *Doctor Who* Audios' on the same page. Now tell me that this isn't the wrong way to be doing things.

I think the BBC could easily produce decent TV *Doctor Who*, with a willing Paul McGann continuing his role from the TV Movie, without the need for independent backing. So why are the BBC looking for a backer for a film? Why waste time? We have a very good, very underused Doctor in Paul McGann, who deserves more than 40 minutes of screen time to make his mark.

I am pleased that Paul McGann still wishes to be involved in *Doctor Who*, but it just makes me wish that the BBC would take note and decide to make the series properly. Okay, so the TV Movie didn't do as well in America as they'd have liked. So what? We've got a great Doctor already and we know the BBC can do it, so come on – let's start again!

James Taylor
via e-mail

CIRCLE LINES

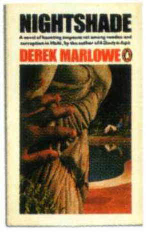
. . . and the titular twinning goes on! We've been the proud recipients of several more novels whose titles are mirrored in the *Doctor Who* universe, and we simply had to share them with you.First up, **Andrew Bove** from Leeds sent us the cover to Judith Saxton's *Full Circle* – the "bestselling family saga" in which warring brothers are brought together by men in rubber suits, probably.

THE PRIDE . . . THE GLORY . . .
THE SPLENDOUR
now come . . .
FULL CIRCLE
Judith Saxton

Meanwhile **Colin Brockhurst** of Surrey has forwarded Basil Booth and Frank Fitch's thrilling *Earth Shock* – which, Colin explains, "you'll note was once inflicted on the inmates of Gloucester prison. Imagine the crushing disappointment felt by the countless old lags who found, not an exciting novel about Doctor Who and Cybermen, but a dry, boring old factual book." Crime really doesn't pay, you see.

EARTH SHOCK

Finally (for ever?) **Robert Dick** has been shopping in his home town of Edinburgh, producing two thrilling new adventures: Derek Marlowe's *Nightshade* ("A novel of haunting suspense", so nothing to do with Mark Gatiss); plus Tim Heald's *Business Unusual* ("Lighthearted but lethal", apparently. Perhaps surprisingly, it has nothing to do with Gary Russell).



TIM HEALD
BUSINESS UNUSUAL

It's a jungle out there

. . . or a bleak, windswept quarry . . . or the metal corridors of a futuristic city . . . or the hold of a deserted spaceship . . . and there's a mystery for the Doctor and co to investigate. The shadowy figures observing their every move are David Darlington and Alistair McGown – who, in the first of a four-part series analysing *Doctor Who*'s story structure, go in search of the perfect opening episode . . .

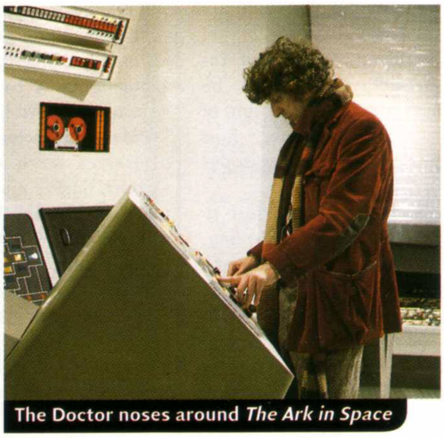
'Strong storytelling'. Like 'quintessential Englishness', it's a lazy phrase trotted out to define that indefinable magic of *Doctor Who*, often as meaningless in the deployment as 'Bohemian' or 'capacious'. Of the millions of words written in critical assessment of the show, few have examined what kind of stories *Doctor Who* tells, or how it tells them. A great 'story' is assessed using an equation where performances times witty dialogue times the square root of lighting over set design to the power of monster costumes equals 'classic' or 'clanger'. But it's the forces within the story – intrigue, conflict and characterisation – which stop the viewer changing channel. Can we not see the wood for the fake plastic trees?

Basically, Part One's job is to be interesting – to hook the viewer with intrigue and mystery

While we may know how many episodes make up *The Highlanders* or the length of Part Four of *Meglos*, individual serials are less often viewed with any regard to their episodic structure. Many fans grew up recording the show off-air, cutting out titles and recaps to fit as much as possible on tape. Through such activities we may have conditioned ourselves to think of 'four-episode stories' rather than 'a story in four episodes'. **DWM**'s *Time Team* series has sought to find a new angle on the familiar by viewing the show as one long episodic serial – but it's surprising this should produce such insights, when that is how the show was devised and broadcast. A handy illustration comes via this ostensibly accurate synopsis from David J Howe and Stephen James Walker's *Doctor Who: The Television Companion*:

"The TARDIS arrives on an English coastline in the year 1066. Exploring, the Doctor discovers that one of his own people, the Monk, is conspiring to wipe out the Viking fleet and thus allow King Harold to face the forces of William of Normandy with a fresh army at the battle of Hastings. The Doctor succeeds in thwarting the Monk's plans and leaves him trapped in England."

A précis in acceptable shorthand, fit for the purpose. But – as Stephen James Walker himself was at pains to point out in the article *Surprised? You should be . . .* [see **DWM** 277] – *Doctor Who* was usually presented in 25-minute segments, each of which told a story of its own, and *The Time Meddler* was no different. This synopsis is not representative of how that story is told – the basis is there, but there is no indication of how the facts and incidents which make up the plot were released to the audience; not only sequentially, but piecemeal – in bite-sized chunks of 25 minutes. If such retrospective transparency equates with how you view *Doctor Who*, you are failing to engage with the show at the story level. If you want to tell a *Doctor Who* story – or any story – it is necessary to consider what a story is. In possibly the definitive modern work on the subject, *Story* by screenwriter Robert McKee, a story is described as a design in five parts (Inciting Incident, Complications, Crisis, Climax and Resolution) in which a challenge to the values of the protagonists achieves, through conflict and crisis, a meaningful, satisfying resolution.



The Doctor noses around *The Ark in Space*

Photos: BBC Video [5] BBC [4]

The values at stake in *Doctor Who* changed somewhat during its first few years, but have remained remarkably consistent since. Initially, all motives were subservient to returning Ian and Barbara home, which meant a conflict of aspirations between exploration (the Doctor) and safety (the teachers). This prompted the involvement of the four protagonists in ongoing events at each new destination, despite their best intentions. In early adventures, like the first Dalek serial or *Marco Polo*, the TARDIS and the escape it offers are the primary objects of desire and struggle. As the show developed further, this evolved so that exploration became dominant. By the time of the Second Doctor, the main threat – repeatedly – is that the universe may soon not be a free and happy place for a time traveller to wander in.

With any series, one objective is to get the audience to watch again. In *Doctor Who* this is more explicit than in most, with recurring cliffhangers all but begging the viewers to return next week – same time, same channel. The role of 'protagonist' is spread across the Doctor, the companion(s) and guest characters; our show has a 'catalyst hero' who brings about change in others, leaving his intrinsic and largely unquestionable heroism unshaken. Tom Baker's suggestion of constant surprise supports this – his Doctor is amazed by every new threat, and struggles to restore anarchic order, freeing the citizens of the universe from tyranny and imposed utopia. And it's unlikely that there is a non-recurring character in *Doctor Who* for whom the events of their story are not pivotal; these are the people who must undergo an irreversible, life-changing experience. You won't maintain an audience if everyone changes beyond recognition by the conclusion of each episode – or even each serial – so the challenges posed, and the changes brought about, must be mostly external concerns. In *Doctor Who*, situation and secondary characters changed about every four weeks. Internal changes superimposed onto this would produce a result somewhere between anthology series and soap opera, far

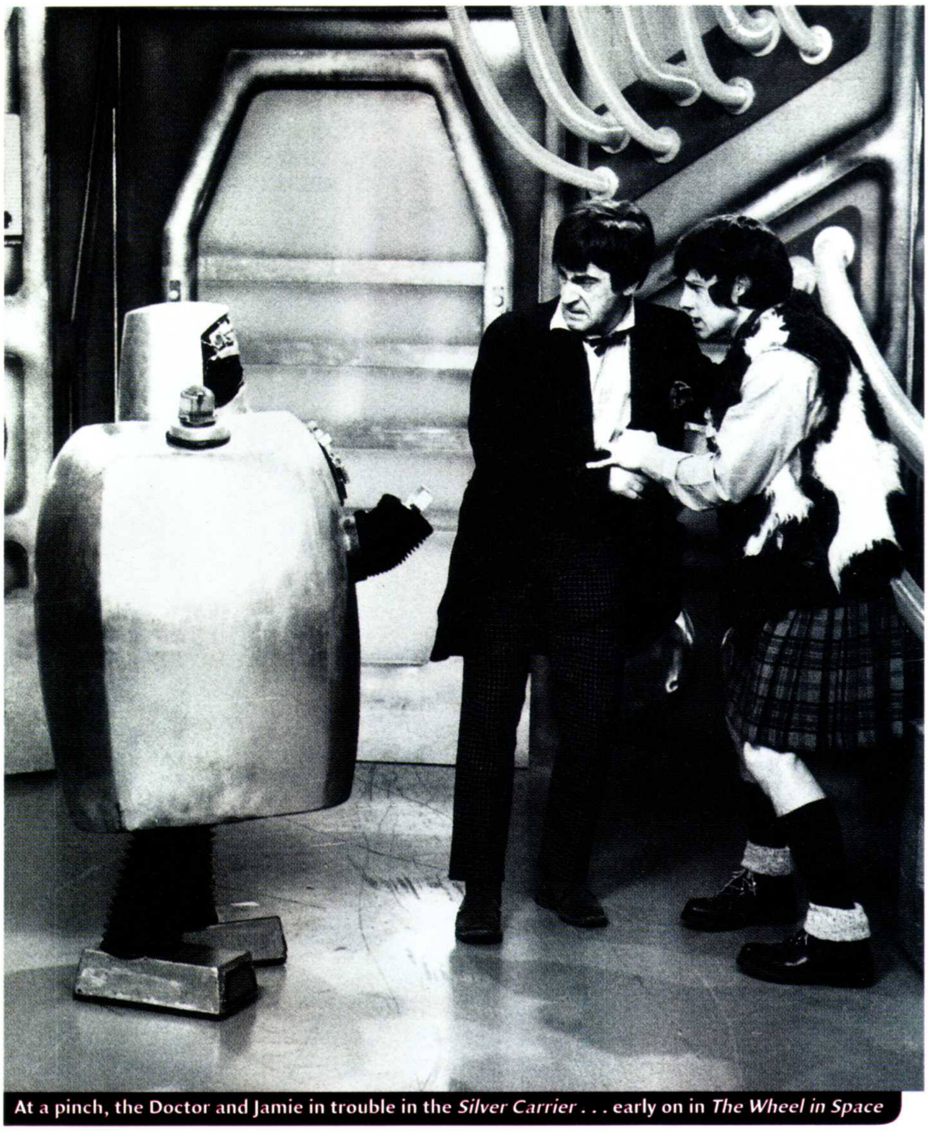
removed from the dramatic adventure serial that is *Doctor Who*.

Thus extrinsic threats such as death or subjugation dominate *Doctor Who*. Week after week we saw some challenge to universal equilibrium; while detail and scope changed, the nature of the challenges was remarkably consistent. Formulaic series – much of *The X Files*, or *Star Trek: Voyager* – address this potential problem through repetition and rebooting each week. Other shows such as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* develop the *status quo* as a backdrop to more pressing weekly challenges, thus becoming, in a loose sense, part series, part serial.

Doctor Who fits somewhere in between, in that each instalment is merely part of an overall story, and only in rare cases – most obviously the Key to Time storyline of the 1978-9 season – might each story be a component of an arc plot as well. This is indicative of the populist audience interaction originally intended for *Doctor Who*. You didn't see that last one set in a prison? Well, never mind: this week he's investigating a strange meteorite. Jo's still there, the Brig's still there, the Doctor's still wearing a big cloak and being rude to minor parliamentary figures. It's thus very easy to immerse oneself in the world of *The Claws of Axos*, having missed *The Mind of Evil*.

Climax and Resolution, to which we will return in subsequent articles, are closely linked and may be coexistent. Therefore *Doctor Who*, written as four parts, certainly has the potential to fit McKee's five-section template extremely well.

The classic *Doctor Who* script runs to four parts – no more, no less



At a pinch, the Doctor and Jamie in trouble in the *Silver Carrier* . . . early on in *The Wheel in Space*

Another overused word lazily applied to *Doctor Who* is 'flexibility'. It is true, though, that despite the general perception of the show as science fiction, *Doctor Who* has a rare opportunity to marry the action-adventure and epic stylings of the typical science fiction show with romance, comedy, soap opera and all manner of other genres. So a budding *Doctor Who* writer is not limited by subject matter, or in the kind of story to be told – but while the story form outlined above is a basis for exemplary practice, *Doctor Who* – or at least *Doctor Who*'s television blueprint as we understand it – also has a distinct format to which the writer must adhere.

As scripter Malcolm Hulke said in *Writing For Television* in the 1970s, "*Doctor Who* is a genre on its own, in that it is a series of serials." While this is not unique, it is telling that the only shows to share the form are ITV offerings designed and promoted as rivals to *Doctor Who*: *Freewheelers*, *Timeslip*, *Ace of Wands*, *The Tomorrow People* and *Sapphire and Steel*. *Pathfinders . . .*, an influential precursor to *Doctor Who*, was shown as discrete six-part serials, with rejigging of lead characters and subsequent exposition required each time. Even so, the *Doctor Who* format as we see it now was not intended for public consumption back in 1963. Originally, those episode blocks which were the particular preserve of individual writers or directors were never identified to the public as being self-contained adventures, neither in the *Radio Times* nor by means of all-encompassing on-screen story titles. Like its above-mentioned rivals, *Doctor Who* was designed primarily as a children's show, and such programming rarely extends beyond half-an-hour even now. (Indeed, when *Doctor Who* started, very little TV programming exceeded 30 minutes in duration regardless of target audience.) But in order for the show to be both educational and dramatic, 25 minutes in any given historical or scientific setting was financially restrictive and likely to result in a rather didactic approach. The "series of serials" was designed to support longer stories in each environment, and weekly cliffhanger endings rendered the format relatively transparent to the audience. It's safe to say that the cliffhanger-serial format is part of what attracted many of us to the show, but the 25- minute segmented approach clearly places structural impositions on the storytelling.

To some extent – certainly in the 1960s – the structure was more stringently limited by production methods. It was not possible to design stories with successive scenes in different locations involving the same characters, in what began as virtually an 'as live' production. This constraint eased as the show progressed, but the time factor remained an imposition, with even Seventh Doctor Sylvester McCoy bemoaning that what was needed to improve *Doctor Who* was not more money but more time. Still, as Malcolm Hulke insisted, "first-rate drama can sometimes spring from the limitations themselves" – many writers including Dennis Spooner and Chris Boucher have spoken of the inspiration which can spring from budgetary and casting constraints. In fiction, an enemy can be outwitted by using its own strength against it; similarly, a writer must employ ingenuity in using the format to construct a story, rather than fight against it. The format demands a set of four or more 25-minute episodes, so the obvious means of structuring the story is to ensure that the major turning points – the most intense, engaging moments of the story – hinge around those 25-minute 'nodes'. Situation comedy and soap opera are the last legacy of half-hour fictional adult programming in the UK, and if commercial television tends to predict for these forms a two-act structure reaching a peak of interest at the midpoint, then that is part of the format and must be built into the writing. A standard *Doctor Who*, then, should have nine node points – one at the start/end of each instalment, and one in the middle of each, to sustain interest through the episode and create what the show's second script editor Dennis Spooner insisted was *Doctor Who*'s required 'dramatic W'.

Nine? Well, your classic *Doctor Who* script will run to four episodes; no more, no less, since that makes for *de facto Doctor Who*. Doesn't it? There is suitable supporting evidence: more than half of the series is in this form, after all. It's unsurprising that in recent years we've come to think so little about six-parters – there were no stories longer than the standard 100 minutes' duration between 1979's *The Armageddon Factor* and *The Two Doctors* six years later (Scattered around are a few two-part stories which are generally written off as 'inconsequential fun'.)

Where are we now, Doctor?

Ten great opening instalments

The Daleks The Dead Planet

This revels in the alien-ness of the petrified forest – but, as *100,000 BC* was the first trip in time, so this was the first trip in space, and is thus deserving of indulgence. Ian and Barbara crave the safety of the TARDIS and England in 1963, while the Doctor demands a visit to the city, going to inordinate lengths to ensure his curiosity is sated. A stranger in the dead forest? A box of phials dropped outside the TARDIS? A deserted city? And Barbara, cornered by . . . what? Much copied since, this is a virtual blueprint for the perfect first *Doctor Who* episode

The Space Museum The Space Museum

Vicki drops a glass of water which smashes, then jumps back into her hand in one piece – and the rest of the TARDIS crew find that their clothes have changed all by themselves and that they are not leaving any footprints. When they find themselves in a giant 'space museum', they are neither seen nor heard by its curators.

Four parts was certainly not the standard for a sizeable portion of the show's history, though. The last three years of the BBC run saw a 50-50 split between these and a new breed of three-part stories, generally accepted on an equal footing – the trend toward shorter stories indicating that both production standards and audience had increased in sophistication. And until Philip Hinchcliffe took over the show in 1975, only John Wiles – a man who had what he called the "enormous immovable rock in the middle of the sea" of *The Daleks' Master Plan* foist upon him – seems to have favoured the four-part structure. Innes Lloyd and Derrick Sherwin explicitly stated a preference for six episodes. Barry Letts admitted that the decision was based more in pragmatism – six-episode stories spread the cost of the season better – and the logistics of the season length, since four into 26 weeks doesn't go. Hinchcliffe instigated the change from six to four, prompted by script editor Robert Holmes' dislike of six-parters, which Graham Williams maintained. John Nathan-Turner went one better and managed – once only – to obtain an extra two episodes' worth of budget for his debut season to make it, surprisingly, the only one of 26 seasons of *Doctor Who* to consist exclusively of four-part stories.

Big Finish Productions' recent appropriation of the form has reinforced the orthodoxy. There is no technical reason why a run of audio *Doctor Who* could not have been self-contained hour-long plays – after all, there is no need to fit neatly into a TV schedule and only minor concerns over the duration limitations of the media used to contain the story. But, as co-producer Gary Russell admits, there were other considerations: "There was never any doubt in my mind that we would do 25-minute episodes. If we'd decided to issue our stories on single CDs we'd probably have done them in three episodes, but on a single CD that really would be cramming it. It would be a darn sight easier to do stories as, say, two 72- minute episodes, but I don't think it would sound like *Doctor Who*. It would spoil why we're doing it – you're tapping into something that people love and you want to give them it near as dammit as it was on telly. When you're playing to a market, as we are with *Doctor Who* now, you have to tap into people's nostalgia. 25 minutes is also quite a convenient amount of time for people to listen to an audio. It was a surprise to me, and one I'm really pleased about, that a lot of people listen to our productions an episode at a time. That is indicative of why the 25-minute format is good – the structure makes for a convenient break."

Partly pragmatism and partly serendipity, then. Russell admits he's not averse to trying a six-part story, though he's keen to avoid anything shorter lest listeners feel they aren't getting value for money. The main thrust of his reasoning is, though, that the audience – in terms of dedicated fans of *Doctor Who* the cult science fiction show – now expects it to be a serial in four parts; it's become a self-fulfilling prophecy. And so now, in retrospective assessment, other structures are discussed with reference to the standard: three-part structures are missing an episode, six-part ones are 'dog-legs' of a four-parter with a two-parter tacked on. This notion was originally an explicit choice of Philip Hinchcliffe who, feeling six-parters were difficult to sustain, devised a technique to divide them into 'four plus two', providing a cost-effective way of giving the audience another 'first night' to look forward to.

In terms of televised *Doctor Who*, a duration no longer than four episodes exploited the show's ability to go anywhere in time and space, thus refreshing the viewer. The production team could also maximise 'first night' publicity, hogging the TV listings pages with news of new guest stars (from Suzanne Danielle to Nicholas Parsons), monsters and even locations (Paris, Lanzarote, the 'Highlands of Scotland'). If the first night publicity aims to get 'bums on seats', Part One must therefore keep those chairs occupied for 25 minutes, and then again at the same time next week.

The functions of Part One, then, are: to hook the viewer via intrigue and mystery; to create a world (often literally, since this is science fiction) or broadly sketch an identifiable aspect of Earth using codes and signs; to populate that world, and to tell us about that world via the kind of characters we meet there. In storytelling terms, as the instalment which is most concerned with setting up of the characters and environment we will become accustomed to over the next four weeks, Part One need do nothing more than be interesting. As recently as **DWM** 292, novelist Gareth Roberts echoed these simple aims when he opined that "it would take a writer of exceptional talent to muck up episode one". The first episode must surely be the easiest to get right and can be viewed almost in isolation (we say 'almost' because, as we will discover later, the best writer can't work like that). For now, though, just consider how to trap the audience before you can say, '*Buck Rogers* is on the other side.'

In essence, a well-crafted Part One will give just enough information without overloading the viewer with unnecessary exposition. This shouldn't be too difficult in *Doctor Who*, thanks to the given

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

If you go down in the woods today, you're sure of a meet with nasty alien types. *The Visitation*

It's difficult to think of a first episode which is not partly concerned with exploration

How can this possibly be? In isolation, highly promising

The Time Meddler The Watcher

A superb conundrum. How can a modern wristwatch, a gramophone and binoculars exist in what is clearly a much earlier time period? These days, we would quickly assume the Master or the Rani were at work, but in 1965 this was "a particularly fascinating" instalment and many viewers "looked forward to learning the explanation of this mystery next week." One housewife said: "We can hardly wait for the next episode to find out if there are more time travellers around and if the Monk is one of them." With work, any Part One could have this kind of impact

The War Games Part One

The Doctor and friends arrive in the trenches in World War One – but what secrets does the British commander's office conceal? Behind a wooden cabinet sits an anachronistic video screen, a trick *Enlightenment* would repeat more than a decade later. "Smythe, 1917 Zone, British Sector.

Happy landings! The Doctor and 'Fred' explore their environs in *The Ribos Operation*

'ongoing series' format. It can be assumed that the viewer understands as much as he or she needs to of the series touchstone concepts: the TARDIS as time/space ship; dimensional transcendentalism; the Doctor as time-travelling alien hero, accompanied by his current companion set. Only when the series is restarted after a suitably long time away (like the TV Movie) or resold to another audience (as with the 1960s Dalek movies, and that TV Movie again) is there the need for all of this pesky internal knowledge to be restated from the outset. If you're lucky/unfortunate enough to be entrusted with relaunching the series to an unfamiliar audience, then this exposition must be kept to a minimum. Both the examples mentioned get it badly wrong.

The Aaru films over-simplify to the point of silliness by hurriedly sketching a kindly human inventor called Dr Who – it's not a question, it's his name – who has not only managed to devise a time travel machine but has, for no adequately explored reason, housed it inside a Police Box which, somehow, manages to be bigger inside than out. Anyway, here's some Daleks. *Doctor Who* (1996) is stuffed full of exposition yet still fails to satisfy or intrigue. It's incomplete, in that it doesn't adequately introduce the idea of time travel – preferring to tell the audience about it rather than show. By the same token it tries to tackle too much, by adding two extra concepts – regeneration and the notion of the Master (plus the Daleks) as Doctor's nemesis – purely to tie in with the BBC series. For a perfect example of how to reintroduce the series, look no further than *An Unearthly Child* – which sets up everything it needs to within 25 minutes and is also tense, thrilling and dramatic, ending with the promise of a first 'proper' adventure somewhere in the fourth dimension. It's perhaps the greatest inciting incident in the history of the show and one without which it may not have had any significant history to look back on.

Assuming the audience can find a point of sympathy or empathy within the regular cast, the key theme of Part One becomes exploration. The first episode has to present us with a situation with which we are unfamiliar, and allow us time to come to terms with what is going on there. This may mean that we accompany the Doctor and his companions in their investigations (*The Daleks*, *The Ark in Space*) or that we are given rather more information than they are about how this new environment ticks – but always, we must be allowed to explore.

> **Romana** Shall we go back inside?
> **Doctor** What? And never know where I've been?
> [*Destiny of the Daleks* Episode One]
>
> **Jo** Where are you going?
> **Doctor** Well, to find out where we are of course.
> [*Carnival of Monsters* Part One]

So perhaps we might be with the Doctor during his exile on Earth – but, called in to help with an emergency, he takes time to wander off into restricted areas and annoy authority figures, to enhance the viewer's understanding of the story's environment. Or perhaps the Doctor lands somewhere familiar – but it might take him a little time to realise, or he might act as a tour guide for his companion.

Of course, too much exploration and the story fails to go anywhere: *The Keys of Marinus* and *The Chase* are almost exclusively concerned with set-up, changing location and rebooting story each week in the hope of maintaining interest. For this reason, they fail to expand and progress, and are unsatisfying. With little resolution and no development, they seem shallow; all hook and bait, but no meat. It's difficult to think of a Part One which is not concerned, at least partly, with exploration. *The Invasion of Time* probably comes closest where, for specific storytelling reasons, we are thrust into the middle of confusing events to pleasingly jarring effect. But that particular episode works so well specifically because it is a significant and intentional deviation from a recognised norm. One must understand the principles before attempting to break them.

Given sufficient exploration, there are many ways to then involve the Doctor with the action.

Chase me! This week: *Journey into Terror*

I will require 5000 specimens." Importantly, no explanation is given to the mystery of Smythe by the time this episode wraps – we don't find out why he has this equipment or who he was talking to. But then this story is ten episodes long . . .

Carnival of Monsters Part One

The Doctor and Jo are on the *SS Bernice* crossing the Indian Ocean in 1926 – but why are the crew repeating a set pattern of events over and over? Why is the ship attacked by a prehistoric creature? And why are the crew repeating a set pattern of events over and over? Further, what does any of this have to do with two intergalactic entertainers having a bit of bother at Customs? As fellow scriptwriter Malcolm Hulke observed, "the ingenuity of this particular opening by Robert Holmes is that the setting in which we first see the Doctor and Jo seems to be totally unrelated to the world of Kalik and Orum" – until the two worlds collide in the last few frames of the cliffhanger

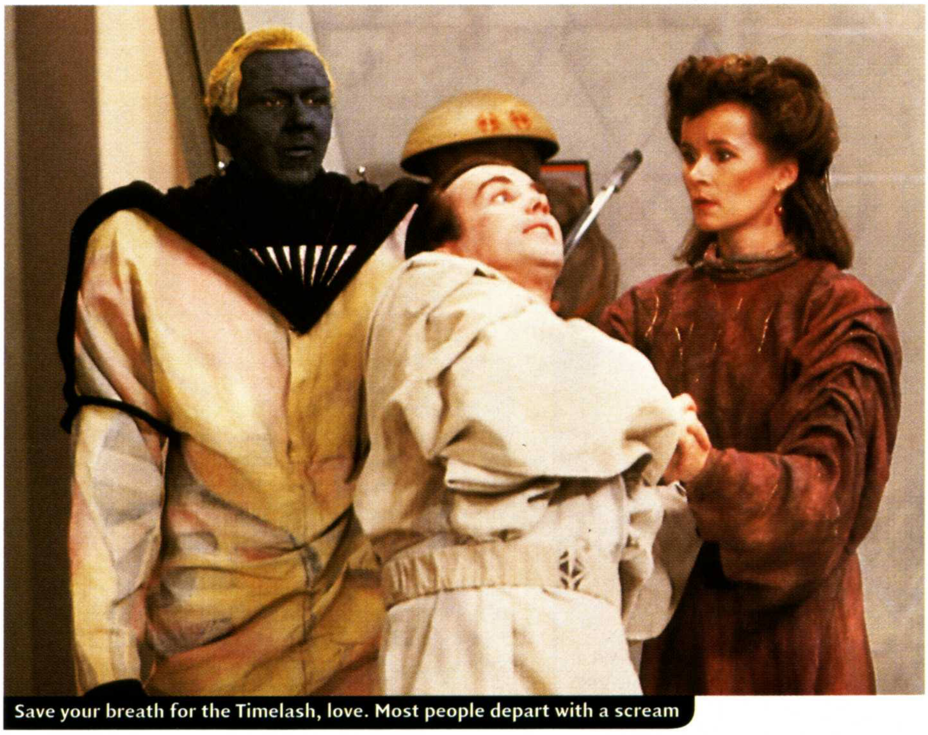
The Android Invasion Part One

Why is the pretty English village of Devesham completely empty – an emergency? But then, why are all the ten pence pieces in the pub till brand new? Why do the locals disembark *en masse* from trucks, led by 'spacemen'? How has the soldier we saw fall to his death been resurrected? A fantastic riddle – but bear in mind that the downside to this is that if you set up such a fascinating puzzle, you'd better be ready with the answers in the weeks to come. And probably best not to give them away in the serial's title

Terminus Part One

This builds from internal conflict between the regular protagonists – and in the virtual absence of the Doctor, the instalment both enhances his subsequent role and provides a rare example of the story being incited by the companions. We meet few other characters, and the whole episode builds to a stunning moment of

The inciting incident may well have happened off-screen before the story as we see it starts, and the Doctor has come in, seemingly at random, to fight its implications. Alternatively, the Doctor's arrival may be part of the inciting incident in itself, an explicit example being *The Face of Evil*, while in *The Evil of the Daleks* his involvement is due to the Daleks' contrivance.



Save your breath for the Timelash, love. Most people depart with a scream

Having involved the Doctor with ongoing events, we must also be aware of perhaps the key concept underpinning any Part One: questions. How much information can be given away in this instalment? Let's take *Destiny of the Daleks* as a case study. The Doctor doesn't just show up on Skaro and try to pick a fight with a Dalek. The story piques the audience's curiosity with a series of questions every few minutes, be they explicit in the dialogue or presented as peculiar on-screen actions. Where have the Doctor and Romana landed? Who are the zombie-like people burying their dead under piles of rubble? What is a trooper from the tropical paradise of Cantria doing on this barren rock? Who are the gun-wielding silver-haired aliens? Are they natives? What do they want? Who is the dusty stranger stalking Romana? How come these 'Movellans' can lift concrete blocks with their bare hands? The mystery is partially solved in the last two minutes, as the Movellans tell the Doctor that this is Skaro and right at the end the Daleks make their first appearance. In fact the episode has been so carefully constructed that this final moment is almost a shock twist, even if the title of the story and pre-publicity have disclosed the identity of the enemy in advance.

> **'Show, don't tell' is a vital rule at all times, but it's especially important in Part One**

Warriors of the Deep, on the other hand, is perhaps the most blatant and celebrated example of how not to do it. It gives away too much too soon when 16 minutes and 25 seconds into Part One the Doctor breaks into a chemical store and comes across canisters of Hexachromite gas. He explains that this is a sealing compound for underwater structures which happens to be "lethal to marine and reptile life". The climax of the story has thus been clearly signposted eight days early, and as a result the writer will have to work so much harder just to hold the viewer's interest.

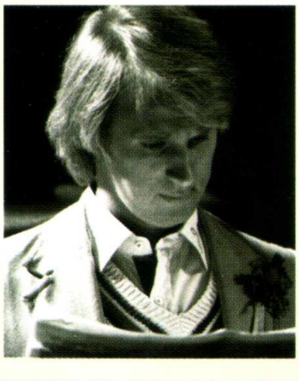
Needless exposition, which can rear its ugly head within the internal set-up of any serial, is most keenly felt in a poorly-constructed Part One. *Timelash*, for instance, is pock-marked with exposition, preferring always to tell rather than show. Purely as storytelling, *Timelash* is appalling; instead of drawing the viewer in with a procession of intriguing scenes showing different characters in their environs, the dialogue is forced to carry all of the descriptive detail. Three ragged figures on the run exhort to each other that they must reach "the rebel camp", without pausing to consider what sort of rebels refer to themselves as 'rebels'. "Or they'll throw us in the Timelash," comes the rejoinder, although all three of them presumably know this. And this all within the first few seconds.

Over the rest of the first half of a 45-minute Part One, we are introduced to the notion of a planet on the brink of war. How? Via this single line of stilted dialogue: "Not only is the planet divided, but we are under the threat of invasion by our former allies, the Bandrils." The Doctor doesn't land on Karfel until halfway through the episode, thus taking too long to become involved in any kind of inciting incident. And even minor points are emphasised via witless dramatic shorthand. Maylin Renis, on being asked about a wife the audience has never met – and never will – replies: "My wife is as well as can be expected after such major surgery." 'Show, don't tell' is a vital rule at all times, but especially in the set-up. Or else, as Tekker unwittingly acknowledges, "You see nothing, and you understand less!"

Robert McKee hypothesises that in order to avoid boring the audience, the first major event of the central plot must occur within the first quarter of the story. Again, therefore, *Doctor Who*'s standard four-part form would seem ideal, permitting any amount of questioning, teasing set-up before something unexpected brings about the end of Part One. It shouldn't always be exactly like that, of course, or it becomes predictable, but the format allows for it so well that it's no surprise that often the most remembered cliffhangers are the first and the last, as these are the ones which are intrinsically more likely to fit a major nexus point of the story – complications arising from the inciting incident, or a crisis decision triggering the inexorable journey toward climax.

So: no crash zooms on the Doctor's face, no guns levelled at our hero's head. Just be interesting and different, ask plenty of questions but give few answers, and end on a natural twist. The viewers will be back for Part Two. DWM

Tune in again in two issues' time as we discover how the Doctor manages not to die at the beginning of the next episode . . .



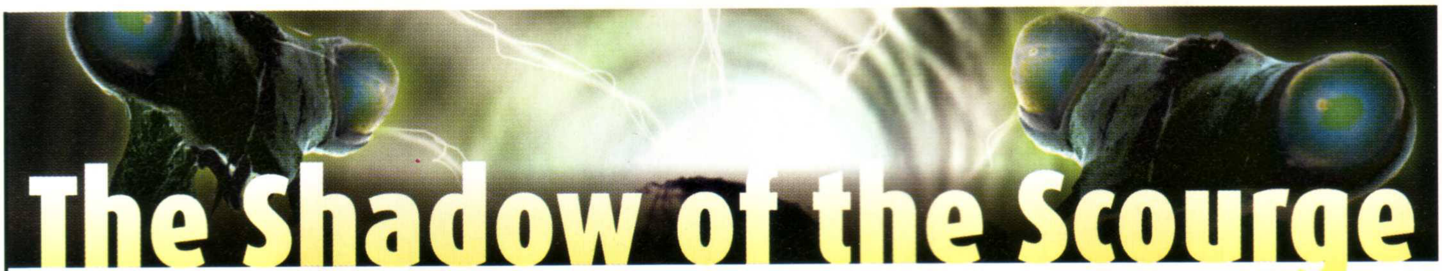
realisation for one of those few – and subsequently the Doctor. Magnificently, the last line of the episode provides both the twist into the next instalment and the solution to the immediate question: where are we? "We're on a leper ship!"

Enlightenment Part One

It's stylish, the lighting is superb, the music wonderful. This wouldn't matter one iota if it didn't introduce both scenario and protagonists so well. We think the TARDIS has landed on an Edwardian sailing ship where, oddly, the crew don't recall coming on board. A press gang – or something else? And why are there modern wetsuits hanging up below decks? The cliffhanger is, once again, based around a major axis in the story – in the wheelroom, wooden panels slide back revealing electronic controls, and a screen opens to uncover a vista of sailing ships, floating not at sea but in space

Silver Nemesis Part One

Introduces seemingly unconnected events, drawing them slowly together. South America, an office decorated with Nazi regalia . . . a 'retired' Nazi officer? Windsor, 1638, black magic . . . a witch and her manservant? Windsor 1988, the Doctor and Ace enjoy a break . . . until the Doctor's cosmic alarm reminds him there is work to be done. The show is cleverly constructed with theme evoking plot, since the slow convergence of diverse parties in search of the Nemesis – thus gravitating toward a central narrative – echoes the nature of critical mass, crucial to the reawakening of the statue. And just as you've got a hold on it, the Cybermen appear



The Shadow of the Scourge

by **Paul Cornell**

Featuring The Seventh Doctor, Ace & Professor Bernice Summerfield
Enemies The Scourge
Setting The Pinehill Crest Hotel, beside a ring road in Kent. Normally. It's August 2003 – and sometime between the events detailed in the novels *All-Consuming Fire* and *Blood Harvest*
You'll like this if you like Virgin's *New Adventures*, 1992-95; *The Ark in Space* and *The Seeds of Doom*; the demonology of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*
Listen out for the bit where Bernice destroys a fragment of the Doctor's memory

The Doctor Sylvester McCoy
Ace Sophie Aldred
Professor Bernice Summerfield Lisa Bowerman
Dr Michael Pembroke Michael Piccarilli
Annie Carpenter Holly King
Gary Williams Nigel Fairs
Brian Hughes Lennox Greaves
Mary Hughes Caroline Burns-Cook
Scourge Leader Peter Trapani

Incidental music Alistair Lock
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Gary Russell

Fire needs three things to ignite: fuel, oxygen and some kind of spark. When the Doctor, Ace and Benny arrive at the Pinehill Crest Hotel in the year 2003, they find the conference facilities are triple-booked – with Annie Carpenter's spiritual seance, Michael Pembroke's time experiment and Gary Williams' cross-stitch convention. An unlikely combination, but flammable enough . . .

The Doctor's arrival is deliberately timed: there's some multi-dimensional fire-fighting to be done. Not a physical fire – but it will nevertheless consume everyone inside if it takes hold. For those trapped in the hotel are facing the worst thing imaginable – a nightmare from beyond our universe which transfixes them with fear itself, and calls itself the Scourge . . .

Of course, the Doctor seems quite aware of this, and of just how to outwit this menace. He may have a startling offer to make, but he reassures his companions that "everything's going to plan". Just how wrong could he be? As the Scourge set about transforming their hosts, how can the Doctor avoid falling under their shadow forever?

The Shadow of the Scourge marks several *Doctor Who* firsts: it's the first recorded story to unite long-established *New Adventures* companion Professor Bernice Summerfield with the Seventh Doctor and Ace, and the first Big Finish production scripted by Benny's creator, Paul Cornell. Furthermore, with this terrifying adventure Big Finish have moved across the Thames to more spacious studio premises, where **DWM** caught up with the participants during recording in late July. It's already eight years since Paul Cornell created Bernice; with the London Eye glinting distantly in the summer sunshine, **DWM** asks him how it feels to see the three *New Adventures* travellers finally leaping off the page and into the recording studio.

"It feels beautiful," says a clearly-elated Cornell. "I've been absolutely in ecstasy in the studio – jumping up and down and punching the air – because it's been my life's ambition as a writer to furnish lines for Sylvester McCoy's Doctor Who. Put that beside Bernice – and Lisa [Bowerman]'s performance as her – and I'm as happy as a writer could ever be."

So how did this particular story come about? "From a wish to do something very contained – it's set in one hotel on modern-day Earth – but also to deal with big emotional things in the way the *New Adventures* did," says Cornell. He then adds, more candidly: "Also, after a recent battle of my own with something approaching depression, this is a monstrous representation – a metaphor, *a la Buffy the Vampire Slayer* – of the forces of doubt and guilt."

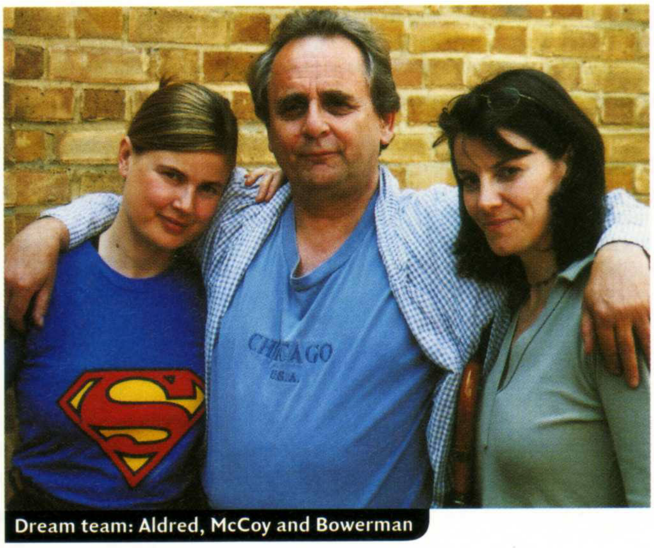
Did he have to take a different perspective on the three characters when writing a drama? "It's been a learning process in how to write audio, in which [director/co-producer] Gary Russell has very much helped me, but generally I don't think so. They're my favourite team to write for from all the *New Adventures*, which are my favourite sort of *Doctor Who*. So it was just a welcome return to three voices I liked very much."

As Big Finish's other producer, Jason Haigh-Ellery, explains, uniting Bernice, the Doctor and Ace in one of their plays has been on the cards for quite a while. "It wasn't an initial aim when we started doing the Bernice Summerfield audio plays because then we didn't have the licence to do *Doctor Who*," he points out. "But ever since we acquired that, it's been in the back of our minds. It's such an obvious thing to do, to be honest, to reunite a team which was very prolific in the Virgin range, and also very well-loved."

And was it always intended that Paul Cornell should script this momentous meeting?

Lift me up: Fairs, Bowerman, Piccarilli

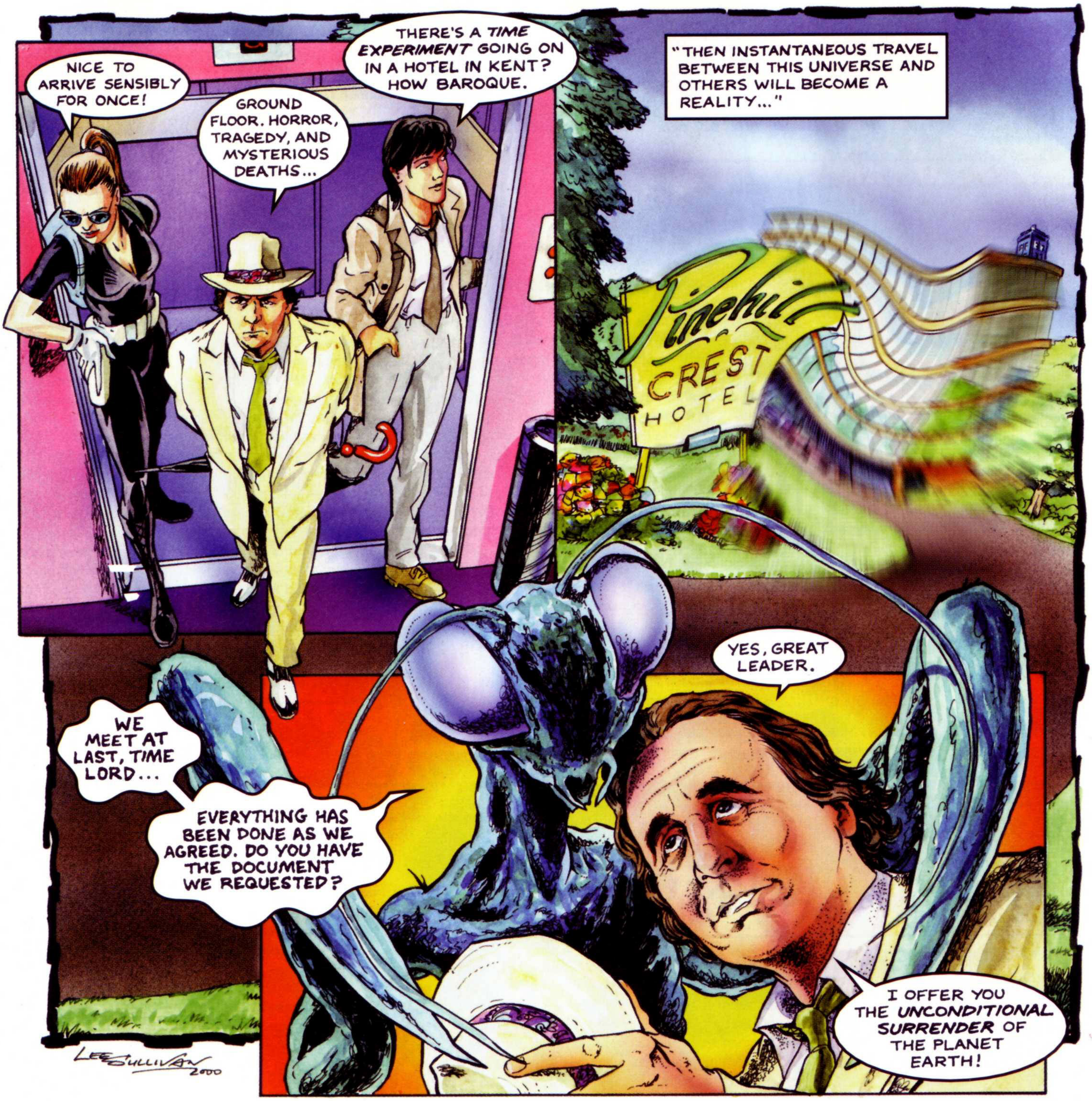
> 'It's been my life's ambition as a writer to furnish lines for Sylvester McCoy's Doctor Who'
> *Paul Cornell*



Dream team: Aldred, McCoy and Bowerman

"We didn't think of anyone else, because we knew Paul would jump at it!" smiles Haigh-Ellery. "I think he would have been quite offended if we had offered it to anyone else. He created Bernice, his novels have always been very good, but we hadn't yet used him for any *Doctor Who* work. So it really was about time we employed Paul, and bringing Benny into the range was an ideal opportunity."

For Sophie Aldred and Sylvester McCoy, appearing in this story presents an unusual situation. They're forging a working relationship with a character known to many but which they, as actors in *Doctor Who*, have understandably never encountered before. McCoy, as ever, is refreshingly straightforward. "Well I don't know much about the books or Bernice's character, really. Is


NICE TO ARRIVE SENSIBLY FOR ONCE!
GROUND FLOOR. HORROR, TRAGEDY, AND MYSTERIOUS DEATHS...
THERE'S A *TIME EXPERIMENT* GOING ON IN A HOTEL IN KENT? HOW BAROQUE.
"THEN INSTANTANEOUS TRAVEL BETWEEN THIS UNIVERSE AND OTHERS WILL BECOME A REALITY..."
Pinehill CREST HOTEL
YES, GREAT LEADER.
WE MEET AT LAST, TIME LORD...
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN DONE AS WE AGREED. DO YOU HAVE THE DOCUMENT WE REQUESTED?
I OFFER YOU THE *UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER* OF THE PLANET EARTH!
LEE SULLIVAN 2000

Bernice going to be in all the others? Because nearly every story we do has someone new coming along anyway. What usually happens to Sophie and me is we arrive, we get split up, we each get a new companion, then we meet at the end . . ."

". . . and go off for a cup of tea," concludes Sophie Aldred, before adding: "I've enjoyed having Bernice around, although it's slightly different because she obviously has a relationship with the Doctor, and there's a real familiarity there. Of course that's a bit weird because we haven't really read the books . . . The reason I know about Bernice's character is through playing the villain in [previous Bernice audio] *Beyond the Sun*, so I'm *au fait* with her, and there's a nice solidarity in our banter against the Doctor. Meanwhile we're both very different characters," she ventures, allowing McCoy to add positively: "You have that contrast of one intellectual character against another who's more streetwise, so that plays quite well."

And so to Lisa Bowerman, who has already starred as Bernice in several Big Finish productions, as well as notching up *Doctor Who* credits both on TV (*Survival*, with McCoy and Aldred) and audio (*Whispers of Terror*, with Colin Baker). Finally, she gets to act with the Doctor whom Bernice was created to accompany! So how does it feel to become a *Doctor Who* companion in reverse?

"Actually, it's been really good," says the enthusiastic actress, "because I've been so used to doing the hero thing and leaping around on my own – or with my helpers – and suddenly the dynamic has totally changed. It's really lovely having Ace there as well, because our two characters work well together. In fact everybody bounces off everybody else, and it's really satisfying to play."

Did she find she was having to approach Bernice differently now? "Actually, I was worried that might have to happen, but it came off the page so well that the character I'd always read in the [Bernice-only] scripts has survived, and she can still keep that banter-y thing up which she had before."

Perhaps because she's in her original creator's hands? "Yes, exactly – and I'm sure he keeps a firm grip on those things!" laughs Bowerman . . . *Mark Wyman* DWM

'I've been so used to doing the hero thing on my own, and now the dynamic has totally changed!'
Lisa Bowerman

The Shadow of the Scourge *is released by Big Finish on 23 October 2000*

Independence Day

by **Peter Darvill-Evans**

Featuring The Seventh Doctor & Ace
Enemies The slavers of Mendeb Three
Setting The twin colonial outposts Mendeb Two and Mendeb Three . . . and some unspecified time after *Survival*
You'll like this if you like *The Happiness Patrol, The Curse of Peladon, The Armageddon Factor*
Watch out for the hint of an appearance by the Eighth Doctor – and the Tenth

The once relentless empire-building of the TAM corporation was long ago forced into decline and fall, due to the impact of lengthy, destructive wars. This is why, 400 years ago, the colonists of Mendeb Two and Three were abandoned – left to fend for themselves and make use of what few technological resources they had inherited. The Doctor knows how badly things are going – but will he be able to avert a seemingly inevitable inter-colony war? Why have the two worlds not developed as anticipated? And just how much of this is the Doctor's own fault?

"I've never been away!" insists Peter Darvill-Evans when asked what he's been up to since Virgin Publishing's *Doctor Who* range came to an end in 1997. "I'm old enough to have seen the very first episode in 1963, and I've been hooked ever since. The reason for writing a book now is that I've got the spare time to do it. When I was casting about for things to do after my departure from Virgin, it seemed obvious to propose a *Doctor Who* novel."

Those who like their *Doctor Who* in the 'traditional' mould will find much to enthuse over in *Independence Day*, despite it being the work of the godfather of the *New Adventures*: "It might actually appeal more to non-fans – it's not packed with references to other stories or revelations about the Doctor's past. Someone who had never heard of *Doctor Who* could enjoy it. I try to write in a style that is straightforward and fluent – I want the reader to wonder what happens next, not wonder at the complexity of my syntax. A *Doctor Who* story has similarities with a haiku, or a sonnet, or a 12-bar blues – it has fairly rigid rules within which the writer can extemporise. The Doctor has a companion from whom he becomes separated, the companion falls into mortal danger, and the Doctor can't use his time-travelling abilities to solve the problems he's facing . . . Much of the pleasure comes from seeing the many different story edifices that authors build on those same foundations. It's fine to stretch the boundaries but not to go over them – that would be like writing a sonnet with 17 lines."

The ghost of the *New Adventures* lingers, however, with *Independence Day* featuring a cameo appearance by an earlier Doctor-companion team, and with its story at least partly caused by the Doctor's own interference: "I like the idea that the Doctor is on a treadmill of his own making, that he continually has to become involved with other people's problems – as if all of his adventures stem from his initial decision to defy the Time Lord laws and leave Gallifrey. His subsequent journeys leave ripples that interact with the universe. He's always having to monitor and correct the effects of things he's previously done."

After five years of working with them, is Darvill-Evans not bored with the same TARDIS team? Apparently not. "I never tire of the Seventh Doctor and Ace. Ace isn't a kid any more – she's picked up a lot of technical knowledge, she's self-confident, she's had some sexual experiences, and she doesn't describe everything as 'wicked' any more. I admire Andrew Cartmel's skills as a writer, and the period when he was the script editor on the TV series was in my opinion a golden age for *Doctor Who*. It was my feeling that *Doctor Who* had been cut off just when it was achieving very high standards that made me determined to do whatever I could to continue Andrew's good work – and I was in the right place at the right time to do so. But that's all ancient history now . . ." *David Darlington* DWM

Independence Day **is published by BBC Books on 2 October**

The Turing Test

by **Paul Leonard**

Featuring The Eighth Doctor
Setting Oxford, Bletchley, France, Sierra Leone and diverse locations, near the end of the Second World War
Enemies The British and the Germans (again – don't you know that *yet*?)
You'll like this if you like Pop science, spy fiction, *Catch-22, The Curse of Fenric*
Watch out for Turing's inability to express emotions other than as mathematical concepts

As the Second World War approaches its end, Alan Turing – the code-breaker critical to the Allied war effort – is called in to decode a mysterious signal emanating from Germany. Everyone assumes it is German – until they begin to listen to Turing's new friend, the Doctor. But what has prompted the involvement of novelist Graham Greene? Why does Turing instinctively trust the Doctor, a man who obviously knows more about this 'code' than he should? And once innocent people start to die, will even Turing begin to question his belief that the Doctor is not to blame?

The author's name on the spine of this novel could lead to a few mistaken assumptions – be aware, *The Turing Test* features no detailed depictions of alien civilisation. As Paul Leonard confesses: "It was high time that I set a story in the real world, with real-world constraints! So although there are fantastic elements, it's their effect on the human characters that I'm concerned with."

In common with last month's *Casualties of War*, *The Turing Test* is situated near the end of a major 20th century conflict, and studies the impact of the hostilities upon the innocents caught in the crossfire. Despite this, the two novels could scarcely be more different, as Leonard is quick to point out: "A similarity of theme is best offset by a variation of style. After all, they're all *Doctor Who* books, which is an even greater similarity of theme, subject matter and characterisation built in to the whole series. We manage to create a world of differences!"

Most obviously, *The Turing Test* deviates from the norm in being narrated by some surprising real-world characters. One could perhaps infer from the title the presence of mathematical genius Alan Turing – but celebrated novelists Graham Greene and Joseph Heller too? "When I decided to put Turing and Greene in the same book," explains Leonard, "I had no idea that they worked in the same intelligence department at the same time, or that Greene's wartime intelligence work relied on Turing's methods. However, Turing worked in a different place and in reality probably never met Greene." So why force such a juxtaposition? "It's too easy to stay wrapped in Turing's cosy womb of numbers and certainties – a *Doctor Who* novel, just like any novel, must try to take in the whole of human experience." So will readers familiar with the work of Greene or Heller appreciate the synthesis of their respective styles? "Fans of either author will no doubt wince at bits that aren't true to their particular hero's prose, but I was more interested in getting across their world view than in writing a perfect imitation of their literary style. I don't know how successful I've been, but I'm sure it makes for interesting reading."

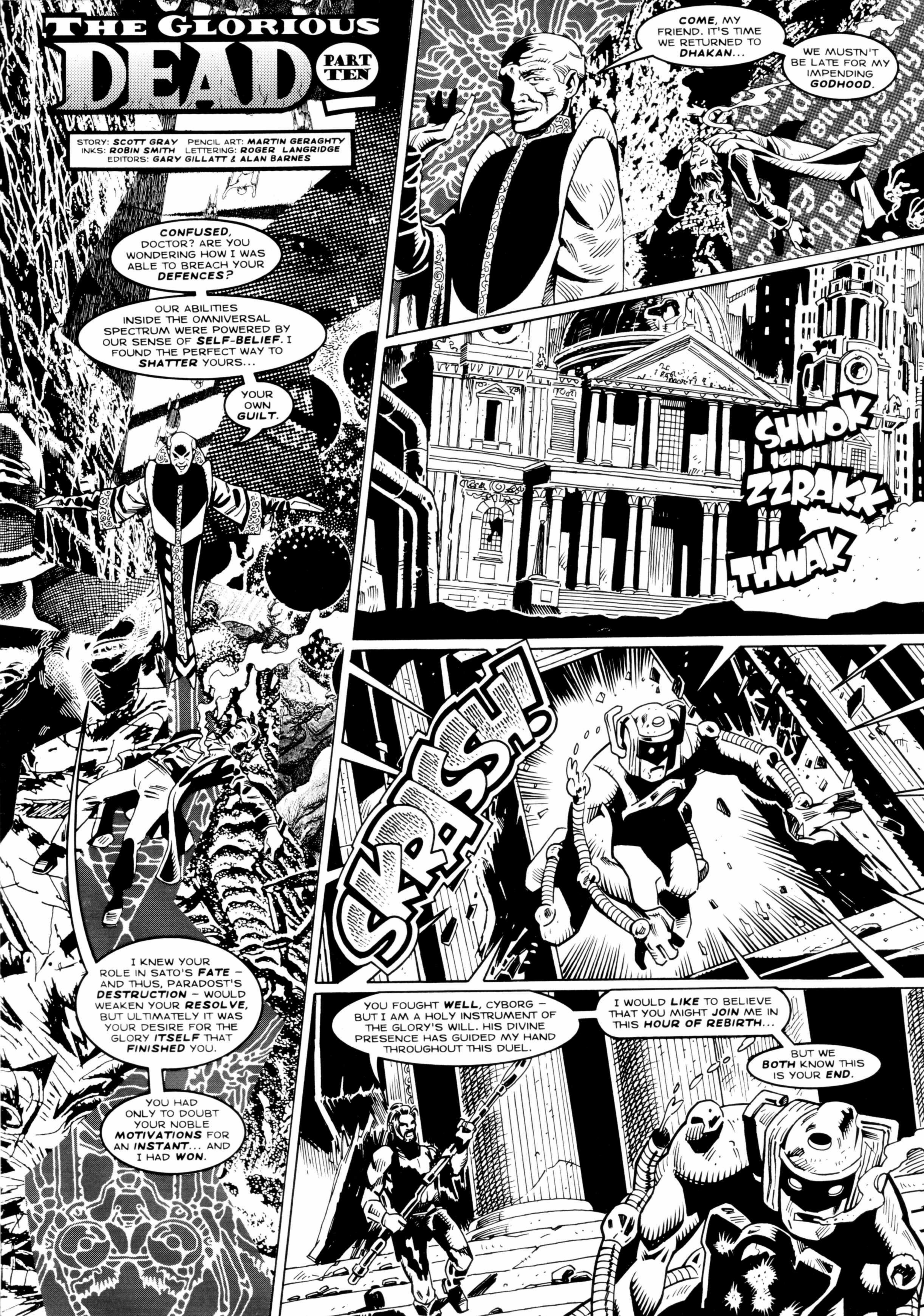
The story also boasts an unconventional structure, which did present a few difficulties for its author. Stopping the story partway through and effectively starting again, as well as relating the book entirely in the first person, "made it difficult to stop at a crisis and switch to another scene," Leonard admits. "But I never liked writing that way. It's natural to TV, not written fiction. The flashback structure created the opportunity for a number of narrative surprises!"

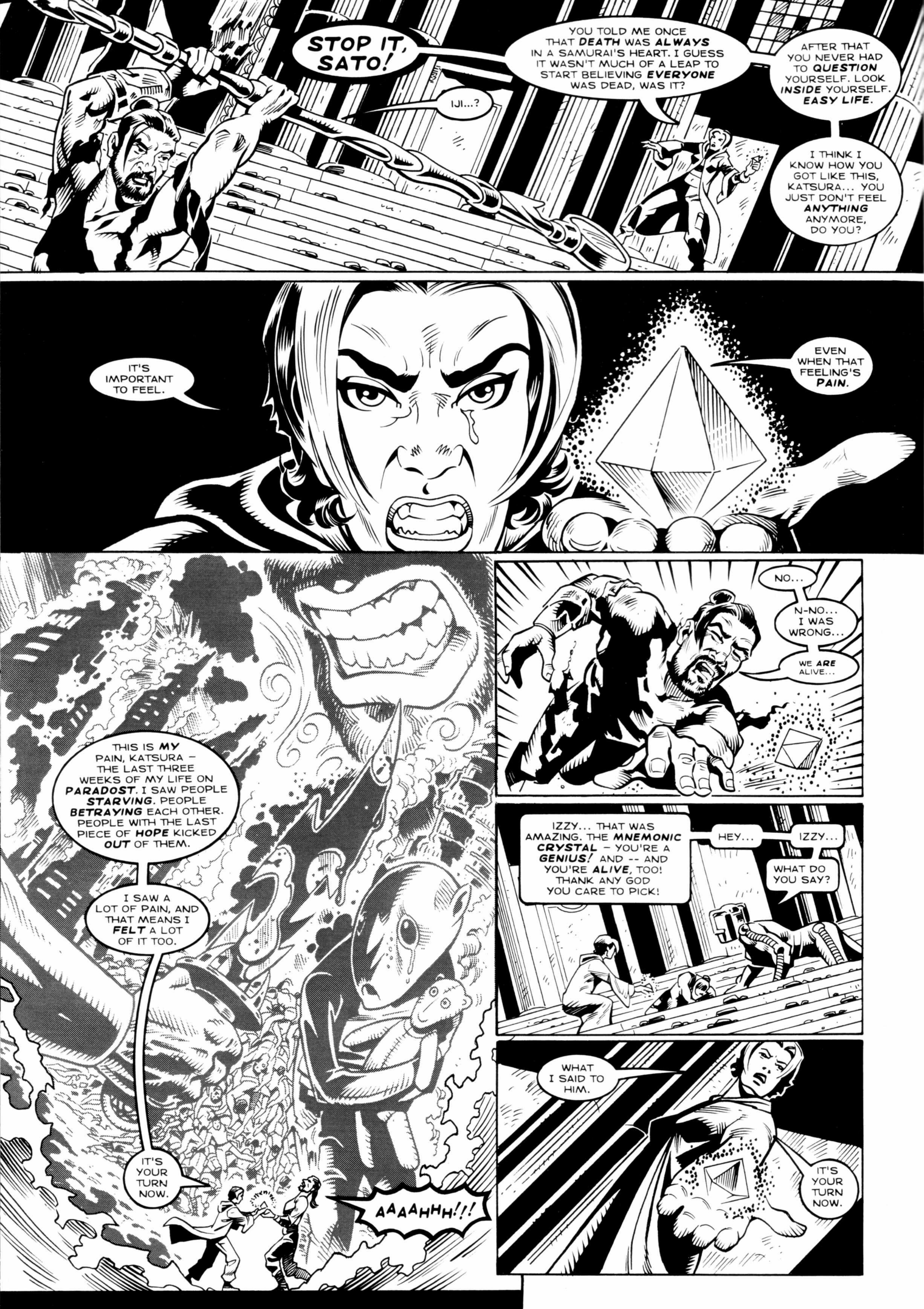
Leonard hopes readers will sympathise as much with the book's emotional content as with the science underlying it. "Reading is an adventure in experiencing other people's view of the world, in a unique way that you can't capture in an interview, a biography, or even a friendship. I write to make that communication and I'm privileged enough to have been published and to have readers who appreciate my fiction." *David Darlington* DWM

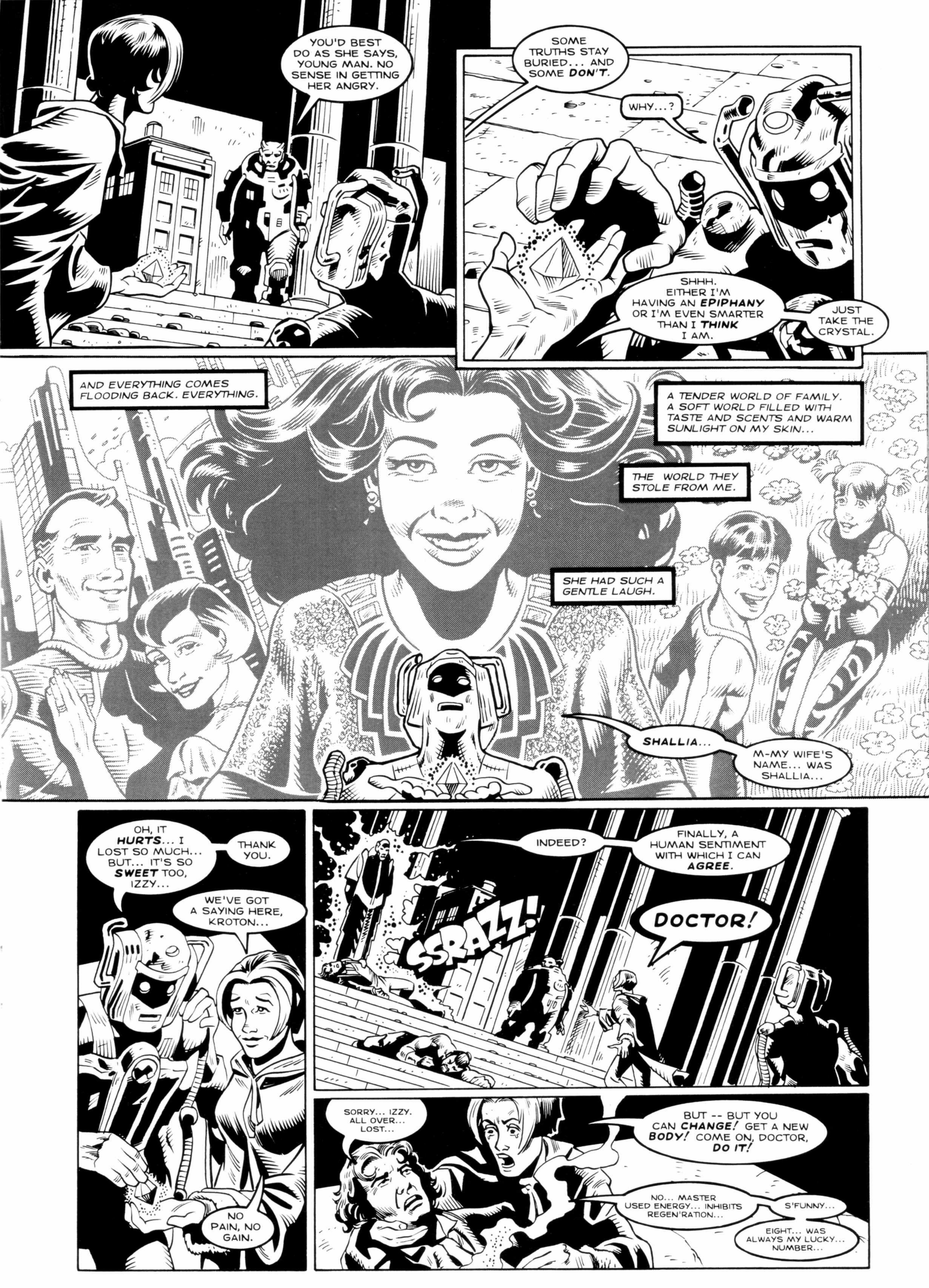
The Turing Test **is published by BBC Books on 2 October**

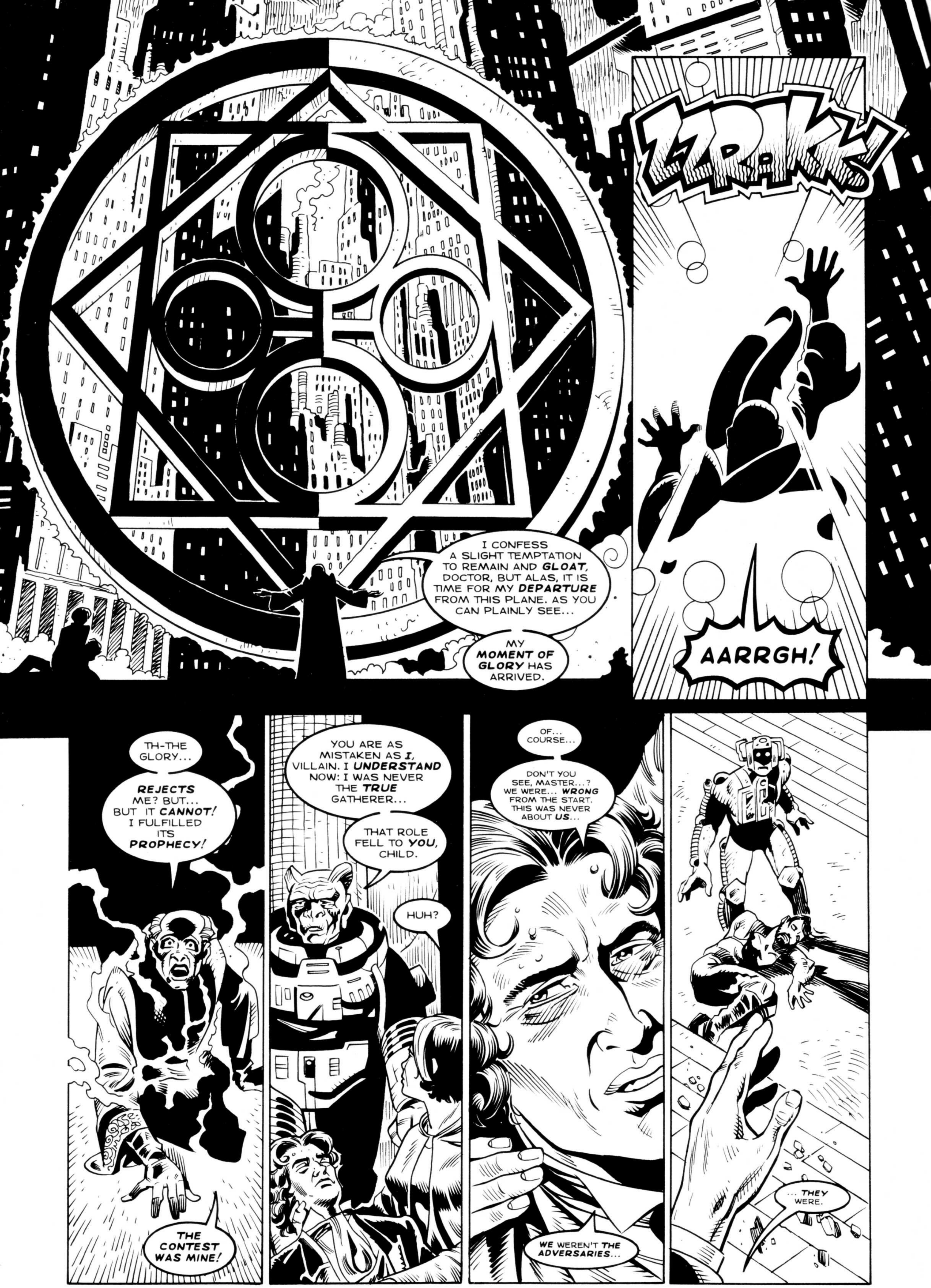
THE GLORIOUS DEAD PART TEN

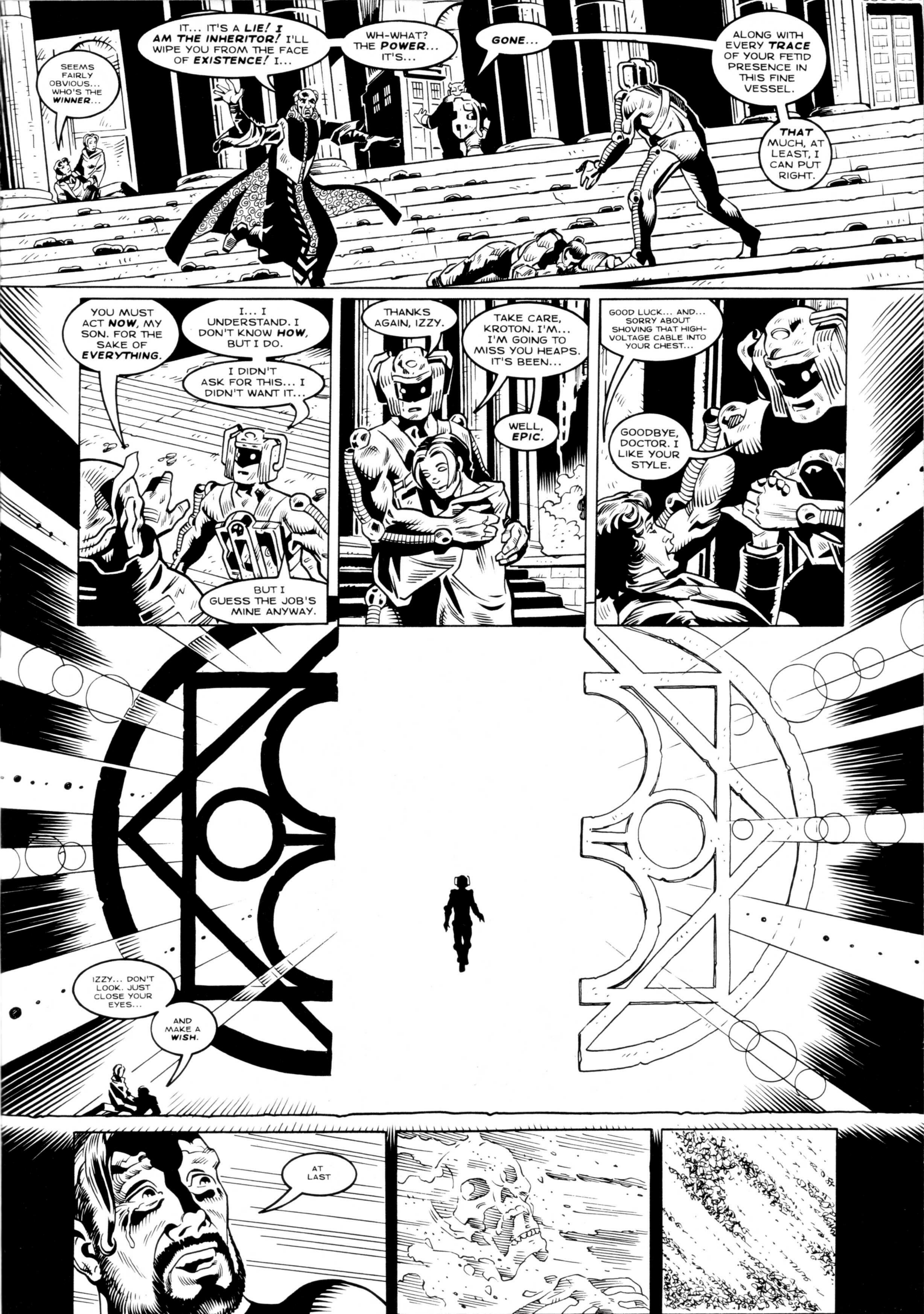
STORY: **SCOTT GRAY** PENCIL ART: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKS: **ROBIN SMITH** LETTERING: **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES**

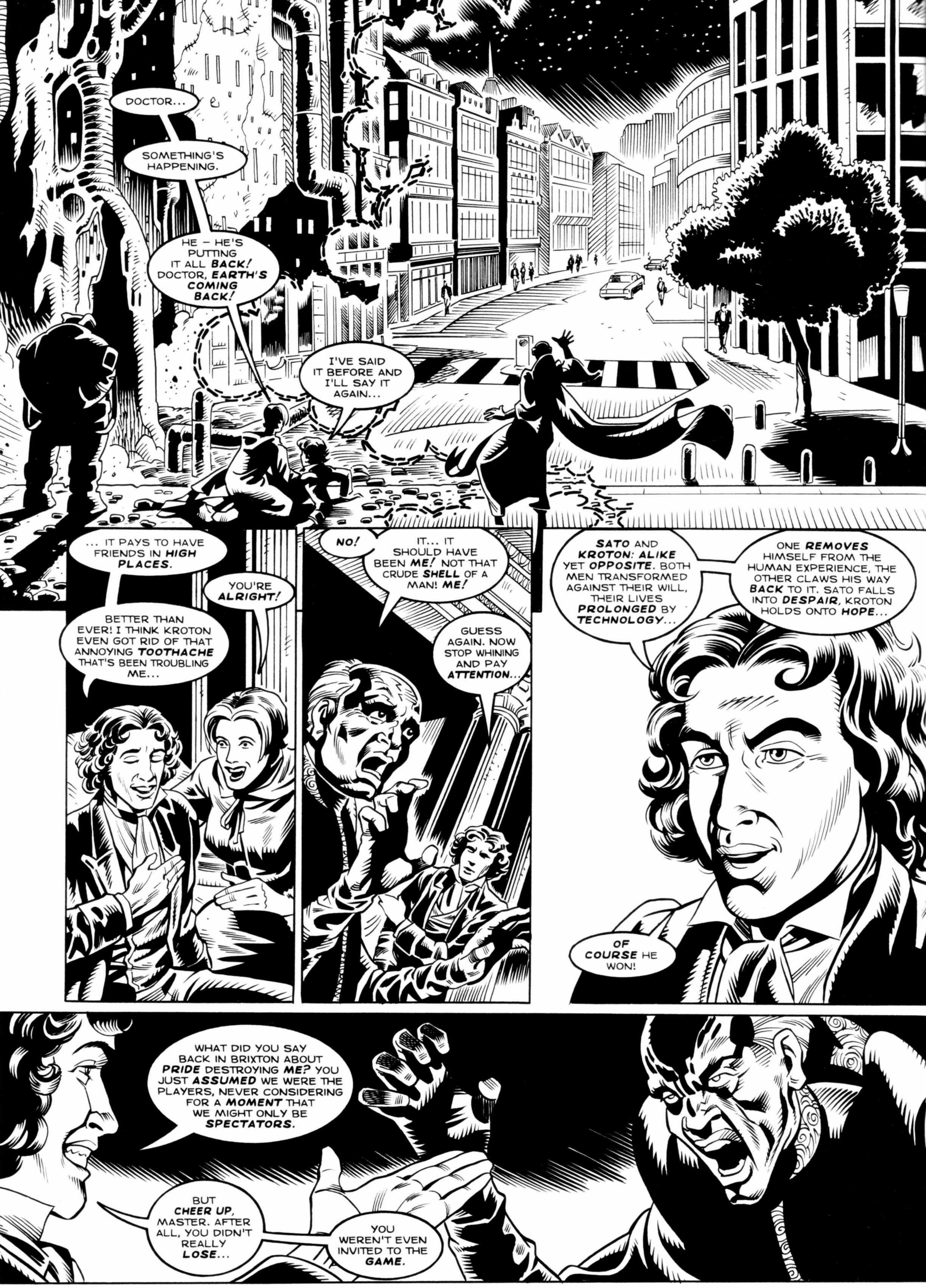

CONFUSED, DOCTOR? ARE YOU WONDERING HOW I WAS ABLE TO BREACH YOUR DEFENCES?
OUR ABILITIES INSIDE THE OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM WERE POWERED BY OUR SENSE OF SELF-BELIEF. I FOUND THE PERFECT WAY TO SHATTER YOURS...
YOUR OWN GUILT.
I KNEW YOUR ROLE IN SATO'S FATE – AND THUS, PARADOST'S DESTRUCTION – WOULD WEAKEN YOUR RESOLVE, BUT ULTIMATELY IT WAS YOUR DESIRE FOR THE GLORY ITSELF THAT FINISHED YOU.
YOU HAD ONLY TO DOUBT YOUR NOBLE MOTIVATIONS FOR AN INSTANT... AND I HAD WON.
COME, MY FRIEND. IT'S TIME WE RETURNED TO DHAKAN...
WE MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR MY IMPENDING GODHOOD.
SHWOK
ZZRAKK
THWAK
SKRASH!
YOU FOUGHT WELL, CYBORG – BUT I AM A HOLY INSTRUMENT OF THE GLORY'S WILL. HIS DIVINE PRESENCE HAS GUIDED MY HAND THROUGHOUT THIS DUEL.
I WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT YOU MIGHT JOIN ME IN THIS HOUR OF REBIRTH...
BUT WE BOTH KNOW THIS IS YOUR END.

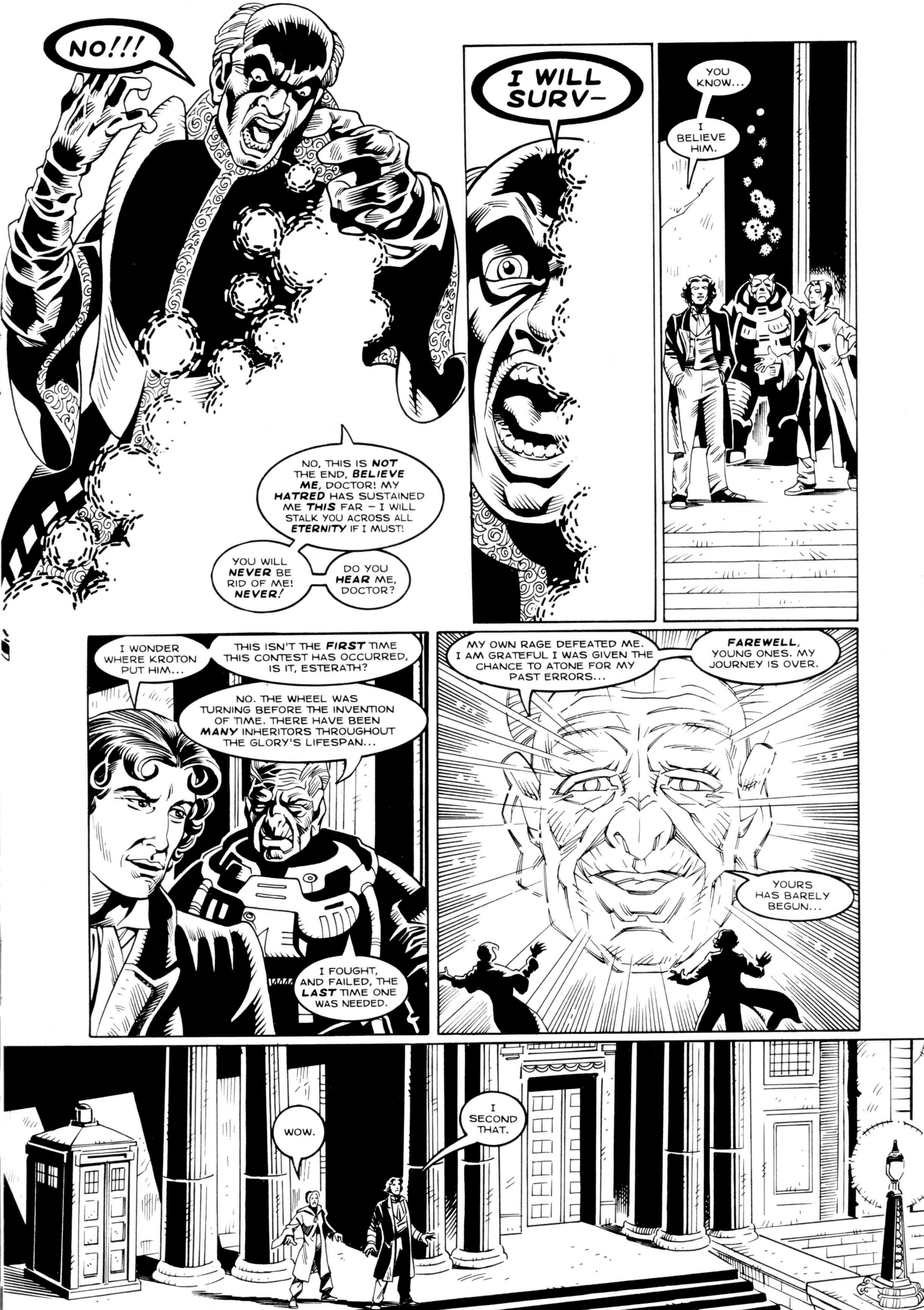

STOP IT, SATO!
IJI...?
YOU TOLD ME ONCE THAT DEATH WAS ALWAYS IN A SAMURAI'S HEART. I GUESS IT WASN'T MUCH OF A LEAP TO START BELIEVING EVERYONE WAS DEAD, WAS IT?
AFTER THAT YOU NEVER HAD TO QUESTION YOURSELF. LOOK INSIDE YOURSELF. EASY LIFE.
I THINK I KNOW HOW YOU GOT LIKE THIS, KATSURA... YOU JUST DON'T FEEL ANYTHING ANYMORE, DO YOU?
IT'S IMPORTANT TO FEEL.
EVEN WHEN THAT FEELING'S PAIN.
THIS IS MY PAIN, KATSURA – THE LAST THREE WEEKS OF MY LIFE ON PARADOST. I SAW PEOPLE STARVING. PEOPLE BETRAYING EACH OTHER. PEOPLE WITH THE LAST PIECE OF HOPE KICKED OUT OF THEM.
I SAW A LOT OF PAIN, AND THAT MEANS I FELT A LOT OF IT TOO.
IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.
AAAAHHH!!!
NO...
N-NO... I WAS WRONG...
WE ARE ALIVE...
IZZY... THAT WAS AMAZING. THE MNEMONIC CRYSTAL – YOU'RE A GENIUS! AND -- AND YOU'RE ALIVE, TOO! THANK ANY GOD YOU CARE TO PICK!
HEY...
IZZY...
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
WHAT I SAID TO HIM.
IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.

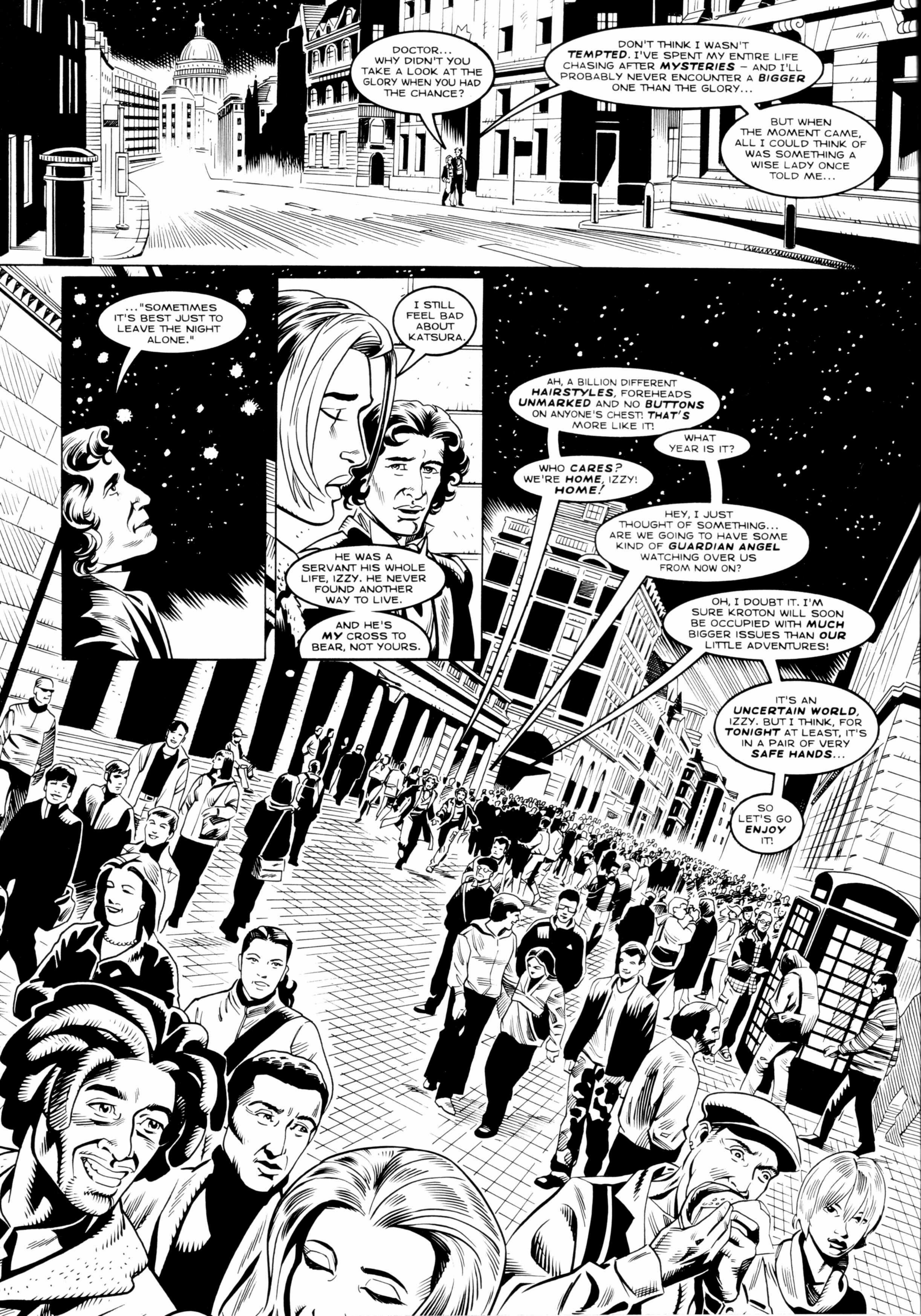

YOU'D BEST DO AS SHE SAYS, YOUNG MAN. NO SENSE IN GETTING HER ANGRY.
SOME TRUTHS STAY BURIED... AND SOME DON'T.
WHY...?
SHHH. EITHER I'M HAVING AN EPIPHANY OR I'M EVEN SMARTER THAN I THINK I AM.
JUST TAKE THE CRYSTAL.
AND EVERYTHING COMES FLOODING BACK. EVERYTHING.
A TENDER WORLD OF FAMILY. A SOFT WORLD FILLED WITH TASTE AND SCENTS AND WARM SUNLIGHT ON MY SKIN...
THE WORLD THEY STOLE FROM ME.
SHE HAD SUCH A GENTLE LAUGH.
SHALLIA...
M-MY WIFE'S NAME... WAS SHALLIA...
OH, IT HURTS... I LOST SO MUCH... BUT... IT'S SO SWEET TOO, IZZY...
THANK YOU.
WE'VE GOT A SAYING HERE, KROTON...
NO PAIN, NO GAIN.
INDEED?
FINALLY, A HUMAN SENTIMENT WITH WHICH I CAN AGREE.
SSRAZZ!
DOCTOR!
SORRY... IZZY. ALL OVER... LOST...
BUT -- BUT YOU CAN CHANGE! GET A NEW BODY! COME ON, DOCTOR, DO IT!
NO... MASTER USED ENERGY... INHIBITS REGEN'RATION...
S'FUNNY...
EIGHT... WAS ALWAYS MY LUCKY... NUMBER...


I CONFESS A SLIGHT TEMPTATION TO REMAIN AND GLOAT, DOCTOR, BUT ALAS, IT IS TIME FOR MY DEPARTURE FROM THIS PLANE. AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE...
MY MOMENT OF GLORY HAS ARRIVED.
ZZRAK!
AARRGH!
TH-THE GLORY...
REJECTS ME? BUT... BUT IT CANNOT! I FULFILLED ITS PROPHECY!
THE CONTEST WAS MINE!
YOU ARE AS MISTAKEN AS I, VILLAIN. I UNDERSTAND NOW: I WAS NEVER THE TRUE GATHERER...
THAT ROLE FELL TO YOU, CHILD.
HUH?
OF... COURSE...
DON'T YOU SEE, MASTER...? WE WERE... WRONG FROM THE START. THIS WAS NEVER ABOUT US...
WE WEREN'T THE ADVERSARIES...
...THEY WERE.


SEEMS FAIRLY OBVIOUS... WHO'S THE **WINNER**...
IT... IT'S A **LIE! I AM THE INHERITOR!** I'LL WIPE YOU FROM THE FACE OF **EXISTENCE!** I...
WH-WHAT? THE **POWER**... IT'S...
GONE...
ALONG WITH EVERY **TRACE** OF YOUR FETID PRESENCE IN THIS FINE VESSEL.
THAT MUCH, AT LEAST, I CAN PUT RIGHT.
YOU MUST ACT **NOW**, MY SON. FOR THE SAKE OF **EVERYTHING**.
I... I UNDERSTAND. I DON'T KNOW **HOW**, BUT I DO.
I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS... I DIDN'T WANT IT...
BUT I GUESS THE JOB'S MINE ANYWAY.
THANKS AGAIN, IZZY.
TAKE CARE, KROTON. I'M... I'M GOING TO MISS YOU HEAPS. IT'S BEEN...
WELL, **EPIC**.
GOOD LUCK... AND... SORRY ABOUT SHOVING THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE CABLE INTO YOUR CHEST...
GOODBYE, DOCTOR. I LIKE YOUR STYLE.
IZZY... DON'T LOOK. JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES...
AND MAKE A **WISH**.
AT LAST


DOCTOR...
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.
HE — HE'S PUTTING IT ALL **BACK!** DOCTOR, **EARTH'S COMING BACK!**
I'VE SAID IT BEFORE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN...
... IT PAYS TO HAVE FRIENDS IN **HIGH PLACES.**
YOU'RE **ALRIGHT!**
BETTER THAN EVER! I THINK KROTON EVEN GOT RID OF THAT ANNOYING **TOOTHACHE** THAT'S BEEN TROUBLING ME...
NO!
IT... IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN **ME!** NOT THAT CRUDE **SHELL** OF A MAN! **ME!**
GUESS AGAIN. NOW STOP WHINING AND PAY **ATTENTION...**
SATO AND **KROTON: ALIKE** YET **OPPOSITE.** BOTH MEN TRANSFORMED AGAINST THEIR WILL, THEIR LIVES **PROLONGED** BY **TECHNOLOGY...**
ONE **REMOVES** HIMSELF FROM THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE, THE OTHER CLAWS HIS WAY **BACK** TO IT. SATO FALLS INTO **DESPAIR,** KROTON HOLDS ONTO **HOPE...**
OF COURSE HE WON!
WHAT DID YOU SAY BACK IN BRIXTON ABOUT **PRIDE** DESTROYING **ME?** YOU JUST **ASSUMED** WE WERE THE PLAYERS, NEVER CONSIDERING FOR A **MOMENT** THAT WE MIGHT ONLY BE **SPECTATORS.**
BUT **CHEER UP,** MASTER. AFTER ALL, YOU DIDN'T REALLY **LOSE...**
YOU WEREN'T EVEN INVITED TO THE **GAME.**


NO!!!
NO, THIS IS **NOT** THE END, **BELIEVE ME,** DOCTOR! MY **HATRED** HAS SUSTAINED ME **THIS** FAR – I WILL STALK YOU ACROSS ALL **ETERNITY** IF I MUST!
YOU WILL **NEVER** BE RID OF ME! **NEVER!**
DO YOU **HEAR** ME, DOCTOR?
I WILL SURV–
YOU KNOW...
I BELIEVE HIM.
I WONDER WHERE KROTON PUT HIM...
THIS ISN'T THE **FIRST** TIME THIS CONTEST HAS OCCURRED, IS IT, ESTERATH?
NO. THE WHEEL WAS TURNING BEFORE THE INVENTION OF TIME. THERE HAVE BEEN **MANY** INHERITORS THROUGHOUT THE GLORY'S LIFESPAN...
I FOUGHT, AND FAILED, THE **LAST** TIME ONE WAS NEEDED.
MY OWN RAGE DEFEATED ME. I AM GRATEFUL I WAS GIVEN THE CHANCE TO ATONE FOR MY PAST ERRORS...
FAREWELL, YOUNG ONES. MY JOURNEY IS OVER.
YOURS HAS BARELY BEGUN...
WOW.
I SECOND THAT.


DOCTOR... WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE A LOOK AT THE GLORY WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE?
DON'T THINK I WASN'T **TEMPTED**. I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE CHASING AFTER **MYSTERIES** – AND I'LL PROBABLY NEVER ENCOUNTER A **BIGGER** ONE THAN THE GLORY...
BUT WHEN THE MOMENT CAME, ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS SOMETHING A WISE LADY ONCE TOLD ME...
..."SOMETIMES IT'S BEST JUST TO LEAVE THE NIGHT ALONE."
I STILL FEEL BAD ABOUT KATSURA.
HE WAS A SERVANT HIS WHOLE LIFE, IZZY. HE NEVER FOUND ANOTHER WAY TO LIVE.
AND HE'S **MY** CROSS TO BEAR, NOT YOURS.
AH, A BILLION DIFFERENT **HAIRSTYLES**, FOREHEADS **UNMARKED** AND NO **BUTTONS** ON ANYONE'S CHEST! **THAT'S** MORE LIKE IT!
WHAT YEAR IS IT?
WHO **CARES?** WE'RE **HOME**, IZZY! **HOME!**
HEY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING... ARE WE GOING TO HAVE SOME KIND OF **GUARDIAN ANGEL** WATCHING OVER US FROM NOW ON?
OH, I DOUBT IT. I'M SURE KROTON WILL SOON BE OCCUPIED WITH **MUCH** BIGGER ISSUES THAN **OUR** LITTLE ADVENTURES!
IT'S AN **UNCERTAIN WORLD**, IZZY. BUT I THINK, FOR **TONIGHT** AT LEAST, IT'S IN A PAIR OF VERY **SAFE HANDS**...
SO LET'S GO **ENJOY** IT!

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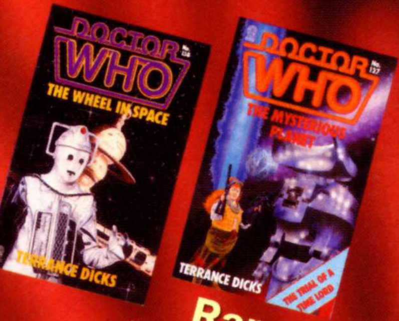
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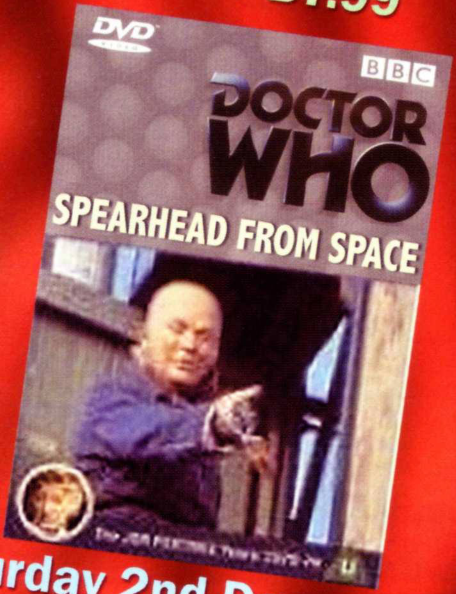
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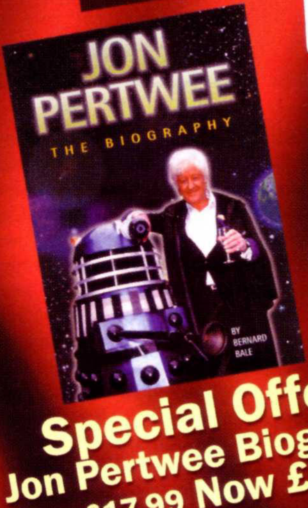
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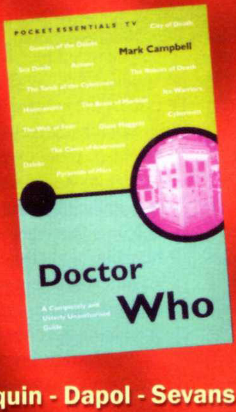
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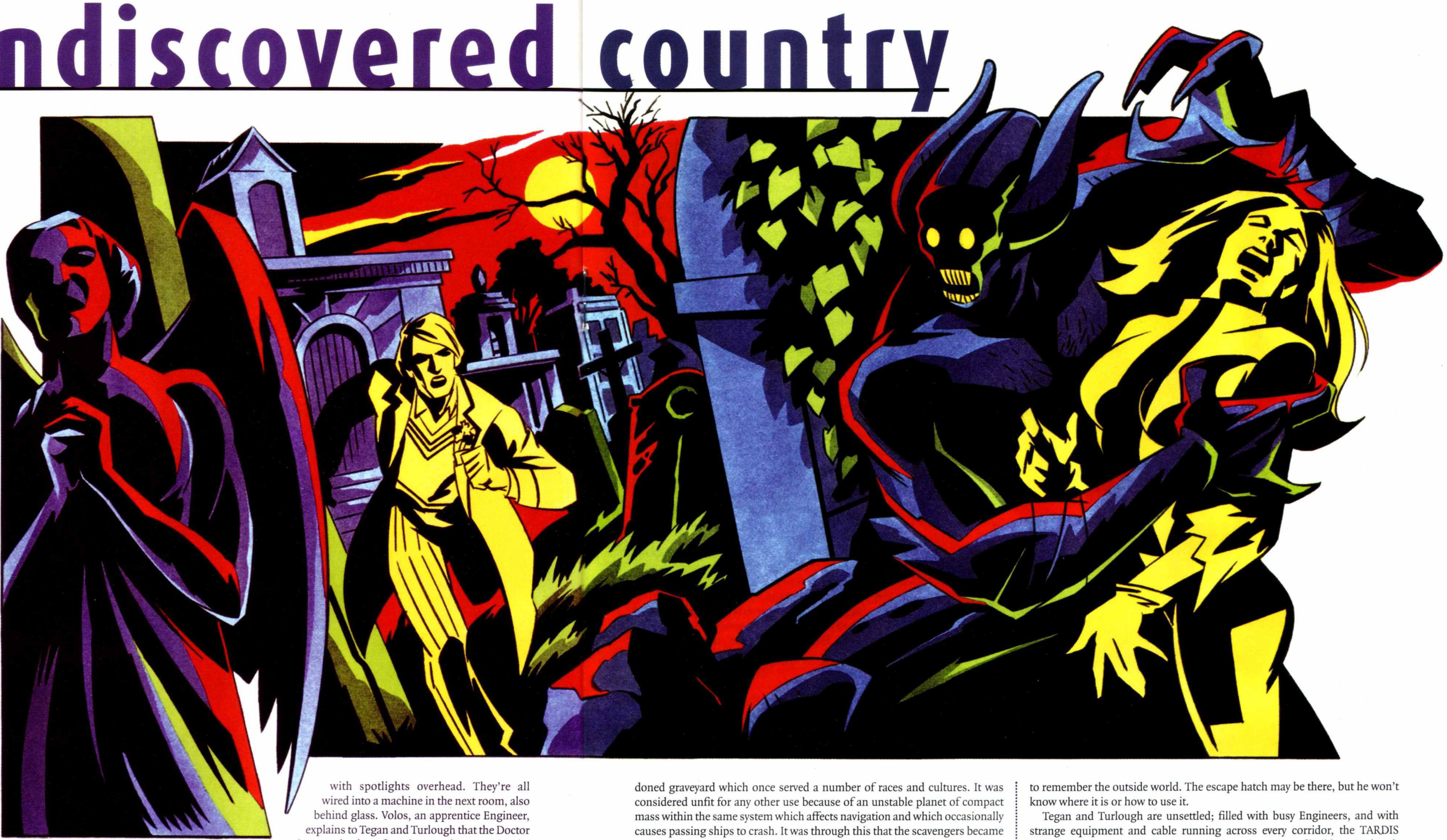
The undiscovered country

. . . from whose bourn no traveller returns? The Fifth Doctor sleeps (perchance to dream) in *Nightmare Country*, the Season 21 story outline prepared in 1983 by *Warriors' Gate/Terminus* author Stephen Gallagher which – as he revealed last issue – was considered too expensive to produce by then script editor Eric Saward. Here, DWM exclusively presents that original outline – and, over the page, we wonder what we missed . . .

Illustrations by Adrian Salmon



Part One

The Doctor is alone, and seems uncertain of what he's doing; he's making his way through what appears to be an endless 19th century graveyard where every stone monument is a miniature temple and all of the monuments are crowded together along narrow leaf-strewn lanes. Hiding between two of these, he observes Maximov and Zorya, a man and a girl who wear the remnants of space suits and who have the appearance of castaways; they're tracking down pieces of recent spacecraft debris, and checking them for salvageable components.

Zorya sees a particular treasure before the open doors of a semi-ruined sepulchre, but when she reaches to pick it up some dark, bony creature grabs her and tries to drag her back inside. Maximov runs to help, but even their combined strength isn't enough; the Doctor breaks cover and gives them a hand. The creature withdraws into the darkness and the three of them fall back – but instead of being grateful, Maximov and Zorya are suspicious. "Who are you?" they ask. The Doctor admits that he doesn't know.

The Doctor is, in fact, safe in the TARDIS; screened behind a temporary wall of glass, he and about half-a-dozen others are sitting around an oval table with spotlights overhead. They're all wired into a machine in the next room, also behind glass. Volos, an apprentice Engineer, explains to Tegan and Turlough that the Doctor is completely safe; whatever happens in the imaginary world that is being created by the interaction of the seven minds, it can have no harmful effects in reality.

What's taking place here is a simple trade. The Engineers are a race with no world of their own whose survival depends upon their technical expertise; they're technological nomads living in a space-time bubble that can only be maintained by being transferred from the site of each job to the next. There's nothing that they can do for the Doctor that the Doctor couldn't do for himself, but he's helping them out by accepting a TARDIS overhaul and filling an otherwise disastrous gap in the order-book. His payment for the overhaul is made by lending his knowledge and experience to the testing of the Reality Simulator, a device built for eventual sale by one of the Master Engineers.

Within the simulation, the Doctor is being treated as a prisoner. Maximov and Zorya meet another scavenging party headed by Marzanna, a tough and unsympathetic character (the real-life counterparts of all these characters are seated around the oval table with the Doctor). Marzanna's attitude to the Doctor is simple; he can either be used or traded. As they're discussing him, there are cries from one of the nearby mausoleum avenues. The scavengers, wary of traps, spread out and retrieve a terribly injured comrade who has been thrown out of one of the mausoleums. It seems that certain of the monuments mask tunnels that link to underground catacombs where the Vodyani live.

The planet on which they all seem to be stranded is one immense and abandoned graveyard which once served a number of races and cultures. It was considered unfit for any other use because of an unstable planet of compact mass within the same system which affects navigation and which occasionally causes passing ships to crash. It was through this that the scavengers became stranded; now they're combing the graveyards in teams looking for salvageable pieces of other ships which they can adapt to repair their own. Their job is complicated by the presence and competition of the Vodyani.

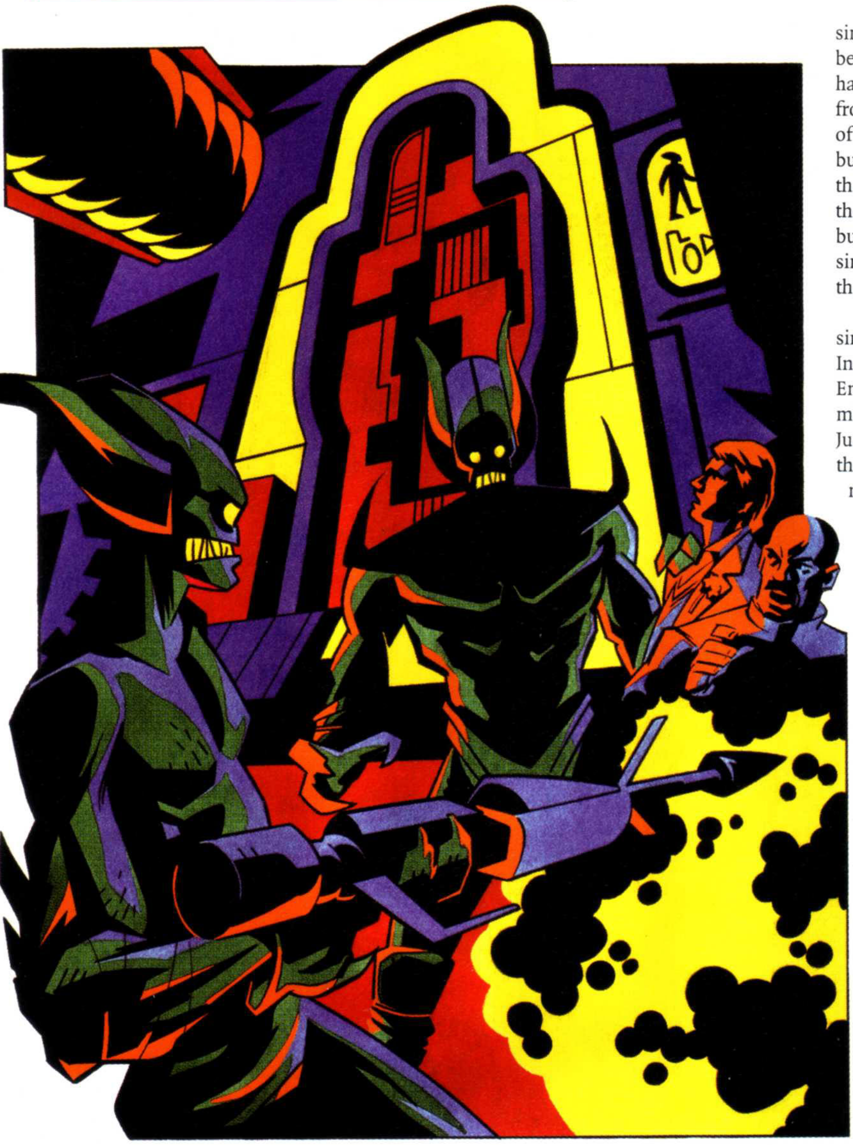
The Vodyani were not similarly shipwrecked. Their craft, unmarked and unrecognised, was shot down when it appeared to ignore defensive warnings and passed too close to a world some distance away; the wreck was investigated, and the bodies of an unknown race were found inside and transported to the graveworld for internment. What wasn't realised was that the creatures weren't dead but simply in a dormant state as they waited to grow into the next stage of their life-cycle; now they've awakened . . . The scavengers assume that the Vodyani are rebuilding or constructing from scratch a ship for themselves; whatever their purpose, it involves direct competition over technological debris. Contact between the two races is rare and usually aggressive, although occasional trades have been negotiated. Peaceable co-existence is made impossible by one important factor; whatever it is the Vodyani are doing underground, it requires live human subjects for testing. The injured scavenger is a result of their programme.

Back on the TARDIS, none of this known. It's assumed that the scenario within the simulator will be benign and pleasant, with the Engineer volunteers getting some benefit from the Doctor's wide experience . . . If anything should go wrong, there's a built-in escape factor for the Doctor to use which will end the simulation – but this doesn't take account of the Doctor's failure to remember the outside world. The escape hatch may be there, but he won't know where it is or how to use it.

Tegan and Turlough are unsettled; filled with busy Engineers, and with strange equipment and cable running across every corridor, the TARDIS seems like a home which has been taken over by a team of builders. Turlough wanders around, watching people work . . . He comes to overhear a dialogue between Konis, the Master Engineer who designed the Reality Simulator, and another, which hints that Konis' plans for the simulator may differ from those he presented to the Doctor. Tegan, meanwhile, is being shown by the apprentice Volos exactly how far the Engineers' world extends; they step out of the TARDIS into a wide ring of light. Beyond the ring, there's only darkness.

On the graveworld, a dark, bony creature grabs Zorya. The Doctor runs to help

On the graveworld, the merged scavenger parties arrive back at their wreck. A recent repair is about to be tested, but the Doctor spots a flaw; one of the materials has deteriorated to a point at which it's explosive. Nobody will listen, so he attempts a forcible intervention; not only does he fail to prevent the resulting disaster, but he now finds he is blamed for it. "Forget any ideas



about him helping us," Marzanna says, "we'll trade him with the Vodyani."

An alarm is sounding in the TARDIS; Volos and Tegan hurry back to the simulator. Volos goes behind the glass to see what's wrong, and as he checks Turlough arrives and reports his overheard conversation to Tegan. Something serious has happened; circuitry has been added that Volos has never seen and doesn't understand. One of the participants is dead (he corresponds to the scavenger killed in the explosion) and the others all show bruises and grazes. Whatever's taking place in the simulator, its effects are now being felt in the 'real' world. "We've got to stop it," says Tegan, but Volos explains that jerking the participants out of the simulation will destroy their minds and possibly kill them. Only the Doctor can lead them out – and he doesn't know how.

On the graveworld, Maximov and Zorya are given the job of taking the Doctor to be traded. Maximov has a sample of the cabling that Marzanna has told him to ask for in return, although it's mostly a matter of what's available. Neither Maximov nor Zorya is happy about what they've been ordered to do.

The trade is a delicate matter; either side will cheat if they can. On their way to the trade site, they pass an oddity; in amongst the mausoleums and monuments stands a grey stone TARDIS, its size and shape blending perfectly with the sepulchres around it. The Doctor doesn't even give it a second look, but this will eventually be the way out of the simulation.

At the trade site, the Vodyani cheat; instead of trading for the Doctor they simply snatch Zorya and give nothing in return. The episode ends as she's hustled screaming down the catacombs. The Doctor, bound in the middle of the trade site and now unwatched by Maximov, appears to be next.

Part Two

As Maximov hesitates, the Doctor manages to convince him to return and cut the ropes so that they can enter the catacombs together.

Back on the TARDIS, Konis calls an emergency meeting of the Engineers. Tegan and Turlough listen as Konis explains what's happening.

The alterations are his own, made without even telling his apprentice. The simulator is only the first element in a plan so ambitious that he hasn't been prepared to uncover it, and wouldn't have uncovered it now if he hadn't been forced to. Its final aim is to give the Engineers freedom from continuous servitude – not only a world of their own, but a world of their own construction. The simulation is no simple shared dream, but a genuine alternate reality formed from the interlocking minds of the participants. Real consequences, injuries and deaths included, are the penalties of its success. The next stage of Konis' plan will be a stasis bubble within which the Engineers, cocooned and all linked into the simulator, will be preserved and kept safe forever whilst they spend their conscious lives in the ultimate democracy.

Having listened to so much, Tegan and Turlough slip away to the simulator. They try to work out some way of disengaging the Doctor. In the console room, Konis is being subjected to the anger of the other Engineers for his arrogance. Volos sees that Tegan and Turlough are missing. Fearing that they'll try something stupid, he follows them. Just in time, he prevents them from removing the contacts. At first they think he's backing up his master, but Volos argues that he knew nothing of these developments.

In the catacombs, the Doctor and Maximov are following the Vodyani and the captured Zorya. The tunnels are cut through stone and resemble the interior passageways of pyramids, even to the picture-writing on the walls; looking at this closely, the Doctor sees that it tells a part of the story of the Vodyani party. When he remarks on the similarity to Ancient Egypt, Maximov says, "You can remember that, but you can't even remember who you are?" The Doctor can't explain it.

In the console room, Konis has failed to persuade the other Engineers; they want him to go and undo what he's started. Konis expected this. "Check for yourselves and see," he says, "that the alternate reality can't be un-created from the outside; it's a fact that we now all have to live with." And to give them time to think it over, he steps into a wall and fades away.

The Doctor and Maximov are ambushed in the catacombs; Vodyani with high-voltage electric prods usher them along with Zorya into the main experimental chamber, where they're locked into cages. The Doctor gets his first look at the apparatus they've been working on; not a vehicle of any kind, but an elaborate rig with a man-sized sarcophagus at its centre – a Vodyani wouldn't fit. It seems that they not only need human beings to test their work, but they'll also need a human being to complete it. The Vodyani leader stops before the Doctor as if he knows him. "We know all this is a charade," he says, "but we also know there's a greater reality outside, and you will help us escape to it. There we'll be kings; we'll reach our third stage and be powerful forever." The Doctor hasn't got a clue what he's talking about.

Vodyani with high-voltage electric prods ambush the Doctor and Maximov

A close inspection of the circuits has given Volos some idea of what's happening in the simulator; the new additions filter out memories of life outside the simulation and tie in the conscious minds of the subjects so that the reality becomes total in every sense. The other Engineers arrive and explain that Konis has disappeared; he'll be hiding somewhere in the TARDIS, but appears to have made himself a pocket of space – a kind of TARDIS within the TARDIS that would be impossible to find except by accident. Volos explains what he's discovered so far, and his conclusion – that the simulation can only be ended by the Doctor, and that the only way to bring this about will be to send someone into the simulation after him.

The Doctor, meanwhile, is learning from the pictograms that the Vodyani have a racial myth about being reborn into another world . . . this myth is unusually exact and is accompanied by formulae and circuit diagrams. The early pictures explain how they were being transported to this rebirth when their ship was brought down, whilst at the end is shown the apparatus before them with a man at its centre, whilst the Vodyani exit through a door into nowhere. "They call this a charade," muses the Doctor, "and talk about escaping into a world outside . . . almost as if this wasn't the real world at all."

The need to escape prevents him from following this train of thought. The 'particular treasure' collected by Zorya is still in her pocket; it's a small component of the same material as which caused the explosion on the wreck. The Doctor wedges this into the cage lock, and the three of them taunt the guards through the cage bars. The guards drive them back with their electric

Such stuff as dreams are made on

Dave Owen buries himself in the sepulchral world of *Nightmare Country* – but how grave are his concerns?

Nightmare Country begins jarringly, eschewing such familiar establishing techniques as the Doctor answering a space SOS, deciding to visit an old friend or simply landing on a strange planet and going to explore. By setting the opening of *Nightmare Country* within the cemetery world of the Reality Simulator, Stephen Gallagher would have the viewer believing, just as the Doctor does, that this is the real world. The viewer – already reeling from being thrown into what appears to be an already-established story – then gets another shock upon learning that the Doctor is in a simulation, and that the TARDIS is paying host to the Engineers. Carrying a similar charge as the wonderful pull-back in *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part 14 – where the court room the Doctor is in is revealed to be a scene in the Matrix – the shock of seeing the Engineers so well established in the TARDIS, with its implication of much off-screen activity that the viewer has not been privy to, is deeply unsettling.

It's safe to assume that the Engineers are human in appearance – their space suit remnants suggesting the Galsec astronauts from *The Sontaran Experiment.* The Vodyani, by contrast, are subterranean scavengers – the product of a dark subconscious – and are easy to visualise as hunched simians, or HG Wells' Morlocks. Indeed, imagining much of *Nightmare Country* on screen is not too taxing. The tombs and catacombs of the cemetery world would be as easily achievable in studio as the catacombs of Ribos, or the space graveyard of Karn – and the other setting, the interior of the TARDIS, would be totally consistent with its overexposure during this period of the series.

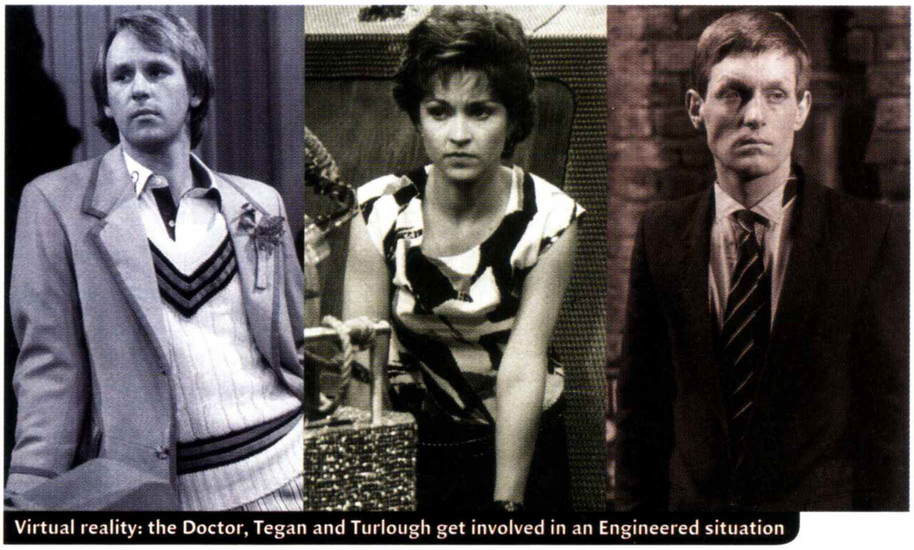
Much of the fascination of *Nightmare Country* would stem from the viewer's perspective, allowing him more insight into what is going on than any of the characters are given. In the TARDIS, Tegan and Turlough and the Engineers assume that their cohorts are enjoying a benign simulation, and can leave at any time – but the audience know better. They also know exactly who the Doctor is, and would feel a huge frustration at recognising the stone TARDIS and realising what it promises, when he does not – a more sophisticated 1980s version of the perennial 'monster-creeping-up-on-unwitting-helpless-companion' scenario which leads viewers to want to scream, 'Behind you!'

Keeping the two worlds of the simulation and the TARDIS apart and yet inextricably bound is what generates the fascination and tension of the story, yet Gallagher has to resort to some unconvincing explanations to maintain or even establish the rules: the Doctor's decision to allow the technologically-inferior Engineers to overhaul the TARDIS and let him test their simulator would have been one of the most spurious in the series' history, and the arbitrary way that the simulated Tegan-2 retains the memories of the original Tegan where 'real' people cannot suggests that Gallagher couldn't think of another way to have the Doctor reminded of his real identity.

Subjected to rigorous analysis, *Nightmare Country* begins to fall apart at the seams – yet in common with many other *Doctor Who* serials which do the same (*Pyramids of Mars* being a prime example) has a wealth of wonderful concepts and set-pieces. The realisation that death or injury in the simulation means the same in the real world would linger in the imagination after viewing – as would the splendid climax to Part Three, in which the Vodyani emerge from their portal into the real world of the TARDIS. For poignant effect, the scene where Tegan's simulation draws a TARDIS to try and jog the Doctor's memory would have surpassed even the Fifth Doctor's post-regenerative innocence in *Castrovalva.*

Science fiction writers are repeatedly drawn to the notion of a shared artificial world – and, having explored that, often derive much impact from having its inhabitants be unaware of their location. *The Deadly Assassin, The Matrix* and several of Christopher Priest's novels all demonstrate the seductiveness of these concepts. By comparison with these elegant scenarios, the Engineers – the laborious device which makes all this possible – are possibly *Nightmare Country's* weakest element. Why are they forced to live in a space-time bubble? Are there any infant or elderly Engineers? Could we really believe in an entire viable species which can fit within the TARDIS console room? These are the kind of *Doctor Who* aliens who have identities such as scientist, rebel, warlord, peacemaker, and not chef, musician, mother or entertainer. Make them refugees, perhaps, or the survivors of some terrible accident which has confined then to their space-time bubble, and they'd be a believable group of engineers because they worked together, rather than because that is the purpose of their entire race. Other clumsy points, such as Tegan-2's convenient persistence of memory, or the nonsensical way that virtual morbidity should manifest in reality, could be fixed by relatively straightforward rewriting. There is certainly nothing unprecedented about the Doctor's impotence for the majority of the story (*pace Castrovalva*), of a dream world being revealed only later (*Time-Flight*), of the Doctor entrusting his home to a hitherto-unseen race of technicians (*Logopolis*) or that home being compromised (*Terminus, Frontios*).

What *Nightmare Country* has is a strong, unambiguous vision, and – after some important revision – deserved to have been realised more than several, at least, of its contemporaries. A shame.



Virtual reality: the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough get involved in an Engineered situation

prods, and when the current reaches the unstable material the lock is blown away. They run, but not before Maximov has removed the vital-looking piece of the rig, insisting that it's something they need for their own repairs.

Back in the TARDIS, Volos is explaining his plan. Anyone attempting to link in to the simulator will be no better off than those already inside – they'll simply be written into the existing scenario, leaving their memories behind. Instead, he proposes lifting a copy-engram – a mental duplicate of a volunteer which can be fed in at some stage . . . which will be completely independent of the contributing mind. Volos wants to be his own subject, but Tegan and Turlough argue, saying that it should be one of them. They may not be able to recognise the Doctor in his present state, but they know him better and will be better able to persuade him. They toss a coin to see who it will be; Turlough tries to cheat to make sure that it'll be him, but Tegan out-cheats him.

The Doctor, Maximov and Zorya flee from the catacombs with the Vodyani close behind. The Doctor has noted that the land near to the planet's surface is crumbling and undermined by too many graves, and he's able to remove some supports and bring the tunnel roof down behind them to hold off the Vodyani for a while. Maximov says that they'll now have to get back; it'll soon be dark, and the Vodyani move on the surface with more confidence in darkness. The Doctor thinks they'll have too much to worry about with the tunnel collapse, but then Maximov shows him the stolen component. "They'll be after this," he says.

In another part of the graveyard, Tegan materialises. She looks around her apprehensively; it certainly isn't what she expected.

In the TARDIS, there's consternation. The copy engram is in the simulation and functioning, but Tegan isn't coming around. Volos admits that this isn't what he expected – Konis had built in too many traps and safeguards, and Volos hasn't managed to avoid them all. The copied Tegan is in there as a separate entity, but the simulator won't let the real Tegan go.

Part Three

The Engineers haven't got a clue what to do next . . . Turlough finds that he's the only one with any ideas about organising search parties to find Konis.

On the graveworld, darkness is falling as Tegan wanders through its overgrown lanes. She hides as the Vodyani begin to emerge from the crypts and sepulchres, but backs straight into one of them and is captured.

The Doctor and his party are holed up in a derelict shrine. "We can't stay here until morning," the Doctor says, but Maximov tells him that they don't have to. As they wait, fires spring up in the far distance; a circle of torches around the wrecked spacecraft. They're lit every night to keep the Vodyani back, and they now provide a beacon for the party to home in on.

On the TARDIS, Turlough's search is getting nowhere. The layout is too complex, and the chances of finding Konis' space-pocket are slim . . . but Turlough has another idea. He calls everyone into the console room.

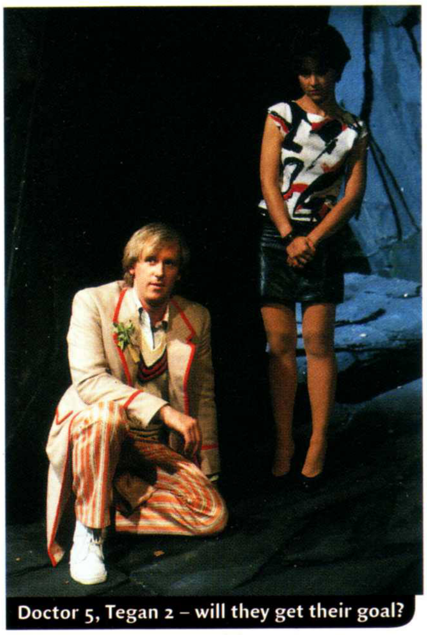
The Doctor and the others are almost at the beacons when they're surrounded by Vodyani. They have Tegan, whom they want to trade for their stolen component – but the Doctor bluffs his way through, and they make it to the wreck with the Vodyani getting nothing. Safe in the wreck, Tegan explains the true situation to the Doctor. It's hard for him to accept, but it fits in with his memory loss and his observations of the Vodyani pictograms – they've been trying to build a machine that will link with the simulator and provide them with a gateway to the outside universe even as it boosts them into the next and more powerful stage of their life-cycle. But how did they come into existence in the first place? They must be an expression of some secret, twisted part of a contributing mind, but all of the participants were rigidly screened before the experiment began.

The rest of the scavengers aren't convinced, even when none of them is able to remember personal details that aren't relevant to the simulation; homeworlds, parents, childhood. Only Zorya seems intrigued.

Turlough, meanwhile, has isolated the console room and the simulator chamber, and he's had them both sealed. Now he has the Engineers begin pumping the air out of all the other areas.

Tegan and the Doctor realise that it's no use trying to convince the others; somehow they'll have to find the fail-safe alone. Tegan tries to explain about the TARDIS, but it doesn't help. She draws him a picture, but he still doesn't recognise or remember. He's still trying when the Vodyani attack.

Using crypt doors as shields to break through the fires and reach the wreck, the Vodyani attempt to retrieve their component. Realising that it will obstruct their attempt to get into the outside world, the Doctor and Tegan grab the component and run deep into the wreck. They're pursued.


Doctor 5, Tegan 2 – will they get their goal?

Flipping hell! Tegan's coin cheats Turlough out of an adventure

On the TARDIS, Konis staggers out of his hidey-hole gasping for air. Turlough has him brought to the simulator room. He refuses to co-operate, insisting that he's only working for the eventual good of the Engineers; the one death so far must be an unfortunate accident. But even as he speaks there are two more deaths around the oval table, victims of the Vodyani raid.

The Vodyani catch up with the Doctor and Tegan in a dead end; Tegan stands in their way. She's struck with a spear, but she isn't hurt; seeing this, the Vodyani withdraw. Tegan herself is surprised. "You're a copy-engram," the Doctor says perceptively. "I think that's the word they used," Tegan agrees, and says, "What of it?" "Nothing," the Doctor tells her, but from this point onward he seems to be worried by something.

Convinced at last that his experiment is going terribly wrong, Konis at last agrees to try to find a way to end the simulation from the outside. He sends Volos for the plans that he'd concealed in the space-pocket, and for the mind-tapes that he'd originally used in setting up the device.

Marzanna is raging at the damage caused by the raid; years of work on the wreck has been undone. As the dead are moved away, Marzanna says that at dawn they'll take a party down into the catacombs to clean out the Vodyani for good and scavenge what they can from the experimental chamber; Maximov, knowing the way, can lead. Maximov is carried along, but Zorya isn't. She sees Tegan's drawing of the TARDIS, crumpled underfoot in the raid, and recognises it; she points out the site on their crude map of the territory. At dawn, the Doctor will have to reach the TARDIS before Marzanna and the others enter the catacombs in order to end the simulation before the carnage begins.

Konis works to remove the one-way blocks on the simulator in order to release Tegan. He's successful, and Tegan's eyelids start to flutter . . . but then an odd power-surge starts to course through the machinery.

Dawn on the graveworld. The Vodyani wait in the catacombs as the scavengers are led down by Maximov. At the same moment, the Doctor and Tegan reach the crypt-like TARDIS . . . but he hesitates before the open door. When Tegan wants to know why, he tells her what's been worrying him ever since he learned that she's a copy-engram. He and the others are all extensions of their personalities out in the real world, but Tegan isn't; she's a complete and independent copy, a kind of Tegan-2, having no links with the original . . . and to end the simulation will be to kill her.

On the TARDIS, the power surge continues – and something odd is starting to happen in one of the empty corridors.

Maximov and the scavengers reach the main centre of the catacombs, only to find that there isn't a Vodyani in sight. With whoops of victory, they fall upon the uncompleted machinery and start tearing it apart.

Still the Doctor hesitates.

Whilst on the TARDIS, a portal forms out of thin air in one of the corridors. The Vodyani file through, scampering off into the depths of the TARDIS; they've made it through to the real world after all.

Part Four

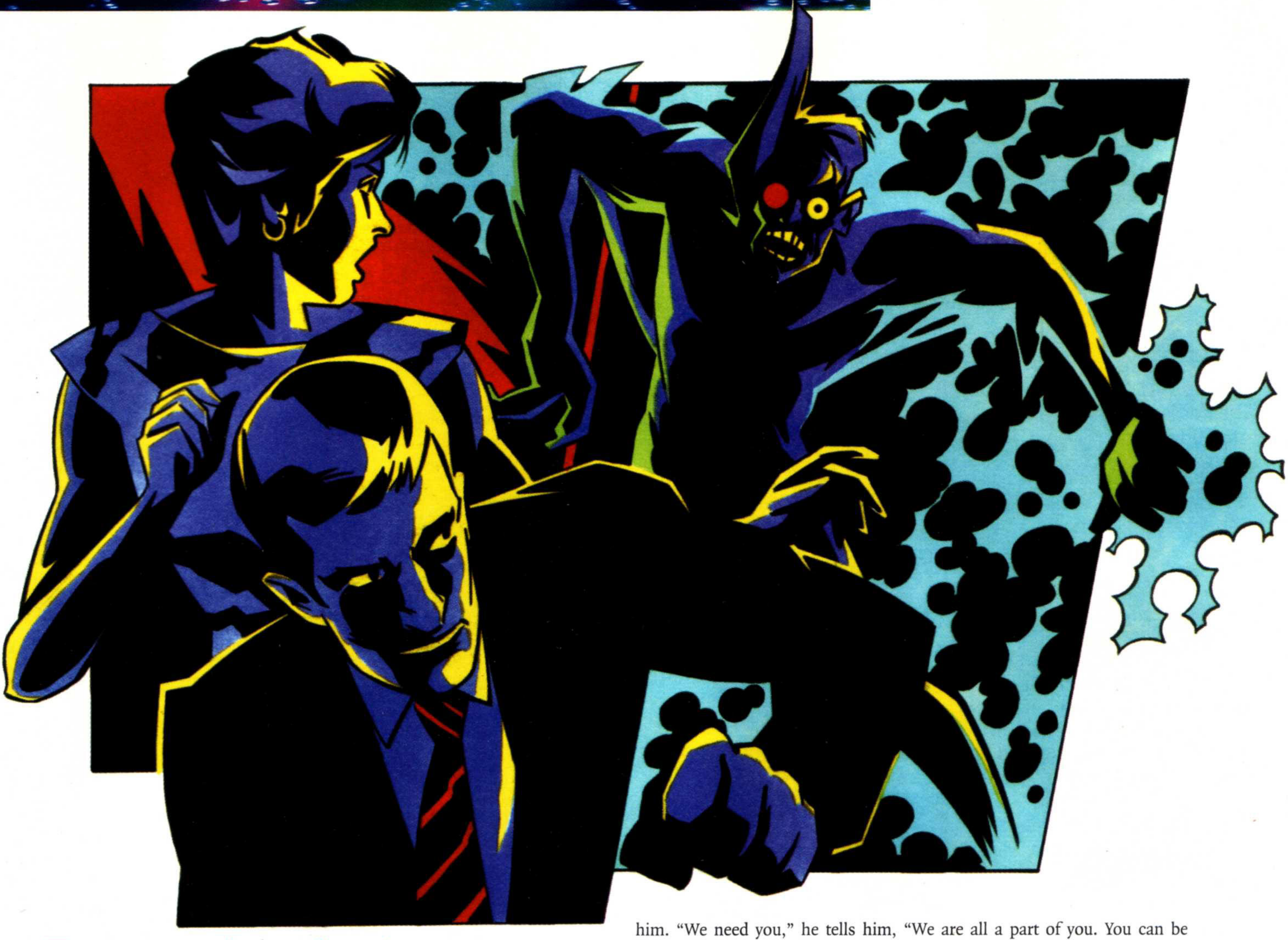
Knowing that it will mean the end of her own existence, Tegan-2 bundles the Doctor through the door of the fail-safe TARDIS. As the simulated world fades away . . .

. . . the subjects around the table begin to wake. The Doctor is almost immediately alert, and he refuses help in order to quiz Konis. Konis explains that everything inside the simulation had to come from one of the contributing minds, and insists that the screening process was foolproof. "Well, I've seen differently," says the Doctor, and he looks around those who were in the simulation with him; some of them are groggy and slow to come around. One of them created the Vodyani, and the beasts could signal a deranged personality that could be a continuing danger.

As some of the Engineers return to their work, tools and pieces of equipment are found to be missing. Unseen by anybody, a Vodyani makes off like a gremlin with a vital part.

The Doctor goes through the screening records with Konis, but finds nothing; clean minds with no terrifying dark corners. He's stumped. One of the Engineers stops to ask Konis to compile a list of any missing equipment, which is how the Doctor gets to hear of the widespread disappearances. Fearing the worst, he goes for a look at the growing equipment list.

Volos and Tegan, meanwhile, are assuming like everyone else that the



Tegan arrives in time to meet the emerging hybrid of Volos and the Vodyani

danger is over. Volos is wondering about his own future; it's likely that Konis will be demoted from Master status for this, which means that he won't be allowed apprentices. Volos admits that he's depressed by his prospects anyway, telling of how he was once so entranced by the lifestyles of a colony of artists whose ship they once overhauled that he wanted to stay with them. But he'd already been indentured by Konis, and had no choice in the matter; realising that the choice had been taken away from him at such an early age had given him bad dreams, but he'd finally managed to come to terms with the idea. The status of Master Engineer would, after all, be something to be proud of – but he says it with a trace of bitterness.

Reading the missing equipment list, the Doctor realises the Vodyani have made it through . . . He has Maximov and the others prepare a mock-up of the stolen component that caused all the trouble. The component is placed somewhere conspicuous, and left unwatched.

Volos, meanwhile, seems a little depressed after his conversation with Tegan; he returns alone to his 'quarters', a makeshift communal area shared with the other apprentices. He sits on his bunk.

The component has disappeared; now the Doctor and the others track it by using a homing device to trace the bleeper that was hidden inside. In a little-used part of the TARDIS, they find the Vodyani hideaway; no Vodyani are there, but already they've almost reconstructed the apparatus first seen in the catacombs. But this time, it has a chance of working. Konis pushes his way through for a closer look; he can't believe it. Part for part, it follows the design for the stasis bubble that would have been the next part of his plan for the Engineers. But this has been built for one only: the creator of the Vodyani, who will be placed in stasis to dream forever so that the Vodyani, an extension of his dreams, can live forever. Marzanna wants to break it up immediately, but the Doctor says, "No – for the moment, we'll know where they are. Break this up, and they'll start again somewhere else."

Volos, meanwhile, finds that he's not alone. The Vodyani leader confronts him. "We need you," he tells him, "We are all a part of you. You can be immortal through us." Volos tries to resist, but he can't; he finds that he and the Vodyani leader are merging together.

Konis says that some of the parts required to complete the stasis generator can be found in the simulator, so he and the Doctor rush to check that these haven't yet been taken. Their arrival scares off a couple of Vodyani that are trying to prise the relevant components out; as Konis inventories what's left, the Doctor notices the test tapes that Konis was using in his earlier checks. When the Doctor asks, he's told that they're just the basic mind-patterns that were used in the original lining-up of the simulator. "Drawn from whose mind?" asks the Doctor. "It didn't really matter," Konis says, "I used Volos, my apprentice." "And was he screened first?"

Konis is starting to protest that Volos is hardly more than a boy, but then he realises that it makes no difference. Rushing out, they meet Tegan; she tells them that Volos is in the apprentices' quarters. The three of them head down there, just in time to meet the emerging hybrid of Volos and the Vodyani.

Volos is struggling for control, and losing. "Fight it," the Doctor advises, but it does no good; only when Volos faces Tegan does he raise the strength to get control over the Vodyani. "Clear the way to the console room," he gasps, "and open the doors to the outside."

Refusing help, Volos walks out of the TARDIS and into the ring of light that is the limit of the time-space bubble. Tegan tries to follow, but he sends her back. "You know what to do now," he calls to the Doctor.

The Doctor stands at the console, and looks at the Engineers around him. "Volos is beyond help now," he says. "I'm going to reduce the size of the bubble to leave him outside. You know it's the only way." But Konis interrupts: "This is my guilt and my responsibility," he says, and without comment the Doctor steps aside for him. Konis operates a control on the add-on box that the Engineers have wired into the console.

Outside the TARDIS in the blackness, the ring of light suddenly contracts; the hybrid Volos is left outside it for a fraction of a second, but then explodes like a sunburst.

In the TARDIS corridors, the remaining Vodyani fade away.

Tegan can't believe the self-sacrifice that Volos has shown – but the Doctor has already seen the same behaviour from Tegan-2. He almost tells her – but it's something that he hasn't yet come to terms with himself.

With a sudden explosion of feeling, Konis smashes the simulator.

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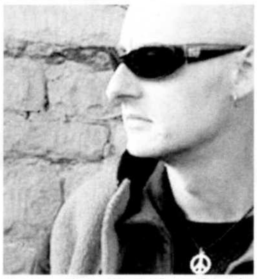

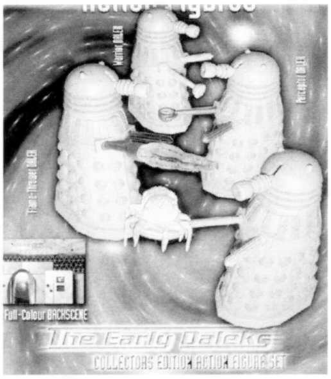
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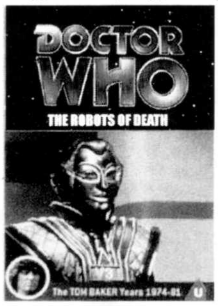
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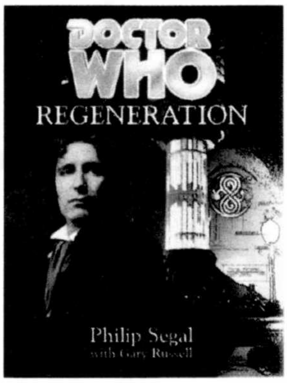
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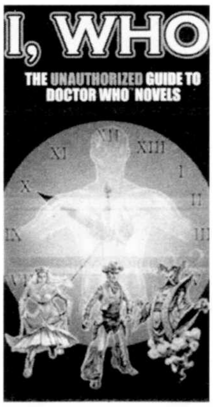
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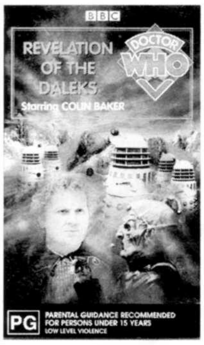
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Shelf Life

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DOCTOR WHO: THE FIRES OF VULCAN

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Audio drama Big Finish Productions **Featuring** The Seventh Doctor & Mel **RRP** £13.99 double CD/£9.99 double cassette **Available** Now

Maximus pleasure as the Seventh Doctor and Mel go up Pompeii

Handed a story about Pompeii, I feel duty-bound to begin with a quote or two from its most famous son, Frankie Howerd. But nay, nay and thrice nay – such an obvious, titter-hungry introduction would only be appropriate if *The Fires of Vulcan* really did come from Season 24; after Ken Dodd's turn as *Delta and the Bannermen*'s diddy Tollmaster, Howerd would be as likely as anyone to turn up toga-ed.

Although *Shelf Life* is not impartial to Season 24, and its notion of *Doctor Who* as a human cartoon, a tale which boils its characters in lava clearly needs weightier heroes than a spoon-rapping jester and an energetic pipe-cleaner. So enjoy this. Lend it your ears. Take a peek into an alternative Season 24, one sobered up on black coffee – as opposed to the original, hyperactive on fizzy pop and early rave scene incidental music.

Audio producers Big Finish have successfully played other eras and Doctor/companion pairings against type – and it's absolutely right that this is a Seventh Doctor and Mel story for no other reason than granting them a life outside a very tiny, stylistically similar back catalogue. It'll be to the surprise of many that the lead actors should be so impressively shriek-and-pratfall-free good at it.

Sylvester McCoy, sounding universe-weary, will never be better. I can say this with a degree of confidence because my list of up-and-coming Seventh Doctor CDs doesn't show Bonnie Langford amongst the cast, and it's this pairing – new and improved and calmed – which makes the difference in him.

Call me a heathen, but Ace isn't a good companion for the Seventh Doctor – certainly not now; her anachronistic, jarring, 'Bog off!' *Grange Hill* lingo makes her sound more dated than Jamie. Besides that, she's a nutter – with nutter's problems and nutter's hang-ups. No Doctor needs a companion against which the monsters look more well-adjusted. What the Doctor needs, the Seventh in particular, is a friend – plain and uncomplicated. Listen to the Doctor and Mel here, Bonnie reining in her performance like she never did on TV. Doesn't this sound a closer, more plausible, relationship? Listen to McCoy, much more comfortable with a script which doesn't have his Doctor constantly changing gear around his companion's actions and moods.

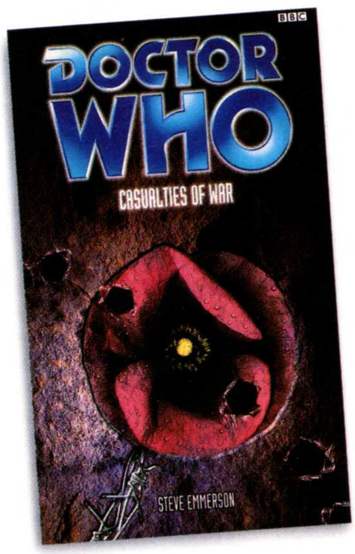
Using a theme he's been working with, off and on, since his First Doctor novel *The Witch Hunters*, writer Steve Lyons traps the TARDIS travellers in time, hostages to Pompeii's fate. *The Fires of Vulcan* is a high-density history lesson, an open-topped tour of Pompeii, 79 AD with the Doctor as guide, his practiced patter drawing our attention from left to right.

The script's 'info-dumping' reminds me less of *Doctor Who*'s classic historicals and more of Target Books' *Doctor Who Discovers . . .* series – the 1970s *Look and Learn*-style books where smudgy stills of Tom Baker spoon-fed us facts about *Space Travel*, *Early Man*, *The Conquerors* etc. In this late, straight-to-CD entry, *Doctor Who Discovers . . . Pompeii and Other Hot Spots*. "There you see the River Sarno, that gives Pompeii's inhabitants an easy trading route," the Doctor informs us, like he's reading the voice-over for some stock footage-heavy Schools programme. "And here, the Forum – that will soon be smothered in seven and a half metres of ash and pumice . . ." Yet it's that same sledgehammer subtlety which ushers in the play's best moments. Every time McCoy trots out some volcano statistics, speaks gravely of the city's fate, or reminds us how few hours remain before the eruption, the sub-plots devised to detain our heroes are swallowed whole, unable to stir the same interest as the monumental disaster we're waiting for.

Bonnie Langford reins in her performance as Melanie – and Sylvester McCoy's Doctor will never be better

Perhaps in the end, when Vesuvius finally blows its top, the bang isn't as big as you feel it should be. But as Frankie Howerd might say, given such an innuendo-laden last line, 'Ooh, yes, no! It's not the *size* of it, missus – no! It's what you *do* with it that counts!'

DOCTOR WHO: CASUALTIES OF WAR



Novel BBC Books **Author** Steve Emmerson **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 53805 8 **Available** Now

The Eighth Doctor soldiers on – but is this his finest hour?

Recently, a number of books have so raised the quality of the Eighth Doctor Adventures that *Shelf Life* has twice considered typing 'this is the best book so far' in a bid to underline the point.

The only thing that's stopped such an accolade from being conferred has been the arrival of another BBC Books manuscript on the doorstep. Before *The Banquo Legacy* could pick up the title, *The Burning* had turned up, proving to be an even better read – and then, before the phrase could be applied to *The Burning*, I received *Casualties of War*. At the time of writing, *Shelf Life*'s proof copy of October's novel, *The Turing Test*, is still being enjoyed by the Post Office – so before I see an apostrophe or comma of it to sway me either way, I can finally hand *Casualties of War* the 'best so far' prize. Oh, you lucky book.

Steve Emmerson writes some of the most soulful, stylish, dramatic, frightening *Doctor Who* I've ever read. I'd like to send a copy to the BBC Sixth Floor and watch them weep a tear of regret. Even more impressively, Emmerson is a first-time author (the first of two this month). You wouldn't think it, as Emmerson displays all the discipline and intimacy of a seasoned novelist: he keeps his story small, simple and focused.

We're in North Yorkshire, 1918; the First World War rages elsewhere. Set in and around Hawkswick Hall, a hospital for shell-shocked soldiers, *Casualties of War* gives us, through brief flashbacks, a window on the horrors of trench warfare so graphic it makes the reader thankful the story doesn't step outside its English countryside locale. Saving all this from

MYTH MAKERS: JACQUELINE PEARCE

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If you're reading this on a Friday night, Jacqueline Pearce is having sex. That's Jacqueline Pearce, *Blake's 7*'s Servalan, having sex, now. If you're reading this on a Thursday, then she isn't.

It's this depth of information which lends Pearce's direct, taboo-free *Myth Makers* the air of a confessional. Pearce is a subject for whom the word 'unique' sounds inadequate. Draped on a bed of silk, she is mesmeric – the Norma Desmond of outer space. She has a laugh like the siren of a reversing truck, and an expression fixed with carnal naughtiness.

Often affecting Tom Baker's trick of talking around a question, the brief, but warm, section concerning her role in *The Two Doctors* contrasts with those parts covering her *Blake's 7* fame, a period which yields tales of depression, suspicion and boredom – a painful story made bearable by being told through a broad smile, a thousand theatrical 'Darling!'s and new-found contentment.

Legendary.

THE DOCTOR WHO CHRONICLES: SEASON FIVE

Doctor Who Appreciation Society [SAE to DWAS, PO Box 519, London SW17 9XW for details]

If Season Five never scared you before, it might do now. Fact wizards David Brunt and Andrew Pixley have the Monster Season mashed into 300 pages of text which would try the eyes of mice.

Re-reading Pixley's *Foreword*, I'm struck by two things: firstly, he's nicked all the phrases I was going to use; and secondly, he's beat me to my own opinions, too. Too many monsters! Not enough variety! Overlong stories! And judging by the amount of dialogue cut, or scenes truncated, *The Web of Fear* could well have lumbered on for at least one more episode.

The season which almost gave us Lethbridge without the Stewart – and, in *The Wheel in Space*, pinched the name John Smith from a stethoscope box – also denied us *Operation Werewolf*. Had producer Innes Lloyd not nit-picked the spirit out of it, Douglas Camfield and Robert Kitts' World War Two adventure might, with *The Enemy of the World*, have added the diversity the season lacks.

With only 13 episodes remaining out of Season Five's 40, *The Doctor Who Chronicles* is a valuable and commendable record of what we've missed.

becoming a preachy humanity piece, Emmerson also gives us ghoulish zombies which terrorise Hawkswick after dark.

The seamless way Emmerson deals sensitively with the psychological sicknesses bred by war, whilst simultaneously introducing the broader, things-that-go-bump-in-the-night thrills of *Doctor Who*, never once making our funny hero seem like the most kitsch and insensitive intrusion – showcases his skill.

For all that, *Casualties of War* is fast-moving and, in the right places, old-fashioned. It likes forests and dark basements, and has learned one of the greatest lessons of *Doctor Who* – that evil prefers the village life. Just look towards a respected community figure and you'll glimpse a Satanist's robe beneath the Harris tweed. *Casualties* follows the pattern to the letter, and the revered Dr Banham might as well walk on hooves, his lair of chalk circles and devilry proving to be a collection of the greatest hocus pocus hits.

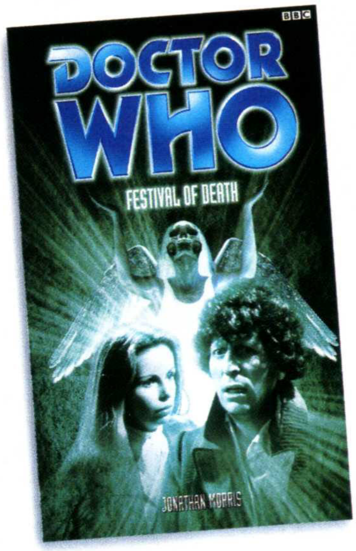
We Eighth Doctor readers are watching the way that our hero is handled with special interest at the moment. That's good; it means we regard him as special. How each author makes this amnesiac, charismatic, non-stick vacuum work for them will as likely decide the good and bad of these books as much as anything else. Whereas *The Burning* settled for an enigmatic Doctor, *Casualties of War* rekindles his passion for history and culture. The romantically-inclined picnic scene with Mary Minett, *Casualties'* stand-in companion, sees him evading difficult questions by becoming the world's first member of English Heritage. The Eighth Doctor may have forgotten he's a Time Lord, but he hasn't forgotten how to behave like one.

Steve Emmerson writes some of the most soulful, stylish, dramatic and frightening *Doctor Who* I have ever read

Casualties of War, like *The Burning* before it, draws first-rate drama from modest surroundings. This is probably courting heresy, but *Shelf Life* isn't missing travelling by TARDIS at all. This is a work where all the important boxes receive a big tick: strong characters, horror, humour, warmth and tight plotting (which, now we haven't got Gallifrey to tinker about with, is something a *Doctor Who* book can no longer get away with lacking) are all in evidence – and all married to Emmerson's wonderful prose, too.

Casualties of War – a book which, for once, *Shelf Life* cannot find a single word to say against.

DOCTOR WHO: FESTIVAL OF DEATH



Novel BBC Books **Author** Jonathan Morris **Featuring** The Fourth Doctor, the Second Romana & K9 **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 53803 1 **Available** Now

A comedy-adventure where death's the main attraction – but over-plotting could prove fatal . . .

One of the biggest challenges when writing for past eras of *Doctor Who* is judging how much you need to borrow from them so that your story feels genuine, but knowing when to stop so it also seems original. This goes double for Season 17.

Jonathan Morris picks up where, some time ago, Virgin *Missing Adventures* author Gareth Roberts left off. The humour's anarchic and the dialogue authentic. The Fourth Doctor and Second Romana behave like precocious children, their elitist double-act aimed squarely at those who enjoy the quick-fire snob bouts of *City of Death*. (Which is pretty much everyone.)

For any Past Doctor novel, playing close to the character of the season the story's positioned in is essential – but playing close to a more immediate source is less wise. With only five broadcast stories to avoid, it's unfortunate that *Festival of Death* seems unable to shake off the characters and ideas of *Nightmare of Eden*. The Beautiful Death, a theme park ride that simulates the experience of dying, takes the addictive position of *Eden's* Vraxoin drug. Similarly, there's also the collision of two spacecraft, a crackpot from the same stock as naturalist Tryst, plus Investigators Dunkal and Rige, carbon copies of *Eden's* deeply unfunny jobsworths, Fisk and Costa.

Where *Festival of Death* loses its grip on Season 17 is in mistaking its inventiveness for complexity. Morris has no trouble capturing the theatrics, but gets lost when trying to keep the plot as fun and free-wheeling. The problem with stories that use time-travel as their main premise is that they tend to create more questions and hiccups which can be answered or cured.

Setting the adventure after it's already happened gets the thumbs-up for a quick and entertaining start. But when we hit *Groundhog Day* territory – the Doctor and Romana travelling back to revisit the same events over and over, populating their visits with multiple copies of themselves – much of what purports to be breezy, light-hearted fun reveals itself as far more mathematical and complicated.

So consider *Festival of Death* not as a playful Season 17 story, but as a tale cross-pollinated with the science-obsessed Season 18 which followed it – in many ways, the missing link between the uncompromising confidence of Douglas Adams' script editorship and the harder SF concerns of his successor, Christopher H Bidmead. Thankfully, *Festival of Death* is not so Season 18-ish that it can't include gags befitting a spoof – for example, when Romana asks, ". . . what if, when we go back in time, we also arrange for someone to come and rescue us from this cell?", she's immediately interrupted by the arrival of said rescuer. It's a scene that could have come straight from last year's Comic Relief skit, *Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death* – but neither is it Adams-y enough to comically ride roughshod over all the time-travel conundrums it poses.

***Festival of Death* is the missing link between the playful Season 17 and the hard science of the next year's run**

Consider it also a Graham Williams six-parter; its last two episodes – the book's final third – show the story beginning to wear a bit thin. Like *The Invasion of Time*, it has two competing ideas – exposing the truth of the Beautiful Death experience, and the Doctor stumbling into an adventure he's already having. The second might have been better off in another book altogether, one with a much more routine and simple plot to interrupt.

On television, the idea of half-a-dozen Fourth Doctors on the loose would have seen Tom Baker playing each with a variety of visual pointers: one with his scarf, one wearing his hat, one wearing his grey coat and another wearing the brown. Romana might even have suggested she changed outfits to save him getting confused by her other selves. The novel's decision to paint them all identically results in foreseeable difficulties. The concentration required to deduce whether we're following a past, present or future visit sometimes undermines the energy and pace which Morris is gamely striving to achieve.

Shelf Life, while never actually losing the plot – and acknowledging its incredible cleverness – simply wishes it had taken a little less hard work to fully enjoy *Festival of Death*.

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A Highland fling . . . flung

The Highlanders is famed for a number of things; sadly, its story isn't one of them. Introducing us to Jamie and becoming *Doctor Who*'s last purely historical tale (no, *Black Orchid* is a period piece, not written around any historical event) is notoriety enough. Add a freshly-rejuvenated Doctor who can't take two steps through the heather without getting dragged up as a washer-woman, and its place is secured. We don't even have to look at the plot to make this one important.

Which is just as well. Of all the series' historicals, *The Highlanders* is the weakest; small and uneventful, drifting between sleepy, dangerless situations. With the then-current production team harbouring a desire to scrap the historicals, thinking them out of puff and out of subject matter, they couldn't have chosen a better story to support this view than *The Highlanders*.

It is, quite simply, lacklustre; never swashing the buckles that it should. Unlike the early historicals, *The Highlanders* is without novelty, pomp or grandeur. Unlike the even better Season Three examples, it lacks creativity, wordplay and wit. Rather you just sense reluctance and disinterest from all involved, with the serial hitting the studio floor flat and uninspired.

The Highlanders needs to go somewhere; it needs a voice, and comedy seems to be the most obvious one. The Doctor's disguises and comic accents hint at a story which could have been played as farce. Mixing the Doctor, dressed in bonnets and skirts, with the bawdy soldiers and sailors of an Inverness inn should have had situation comedy just falling off the page. Yet these moments pass undeveloped – and soon *The Highlanders* is back in step, resembling a bog-standard Sunday afternoon serial.

So with a plot like floppy porridge, and a new Doctor dealt only walk-ons, what is there to recommend the story? Well, surviving only as a soundtrack, this is going to be a struggle. As listeners, we're unable to appreciate the lengthy swordplay at the climax, nor the use of the Ealing Studios water tank that might have loaned the episodes some much-needed scale and spectacle.

So we're back to the Doctor. Assuming different guises and silly voices in almost every appearance, Patrick Troughton auditions for *The Goon Show* very well. Even so, listening to his cod German and Blimpish Redcoat, the eccentricies seem forced – he's no Peter Sellers, or even Jon Pertwee. His skill lies in subtlety, and *The Highlanders* allows for precious little of that.

Whichever direction *The Highlanders* explores, it remains on a hiding to nothing. The Battle of Culloden is a moment so bloody, comedy would feel misplaced. On the other hand, to play it straight would mean episodes too horrific to view. Setting the story a few days afterwards might look like a way round the problem – but, like a Dunkirk story set on the beaches a week after all the boats have left, the drama seems irrelevant. To further complicate matters, *The Highlanders* feels inhibited by its subject. The political and religious ideas which propel the characters are dampened and sidelined, as if to avoid causing any offence to a 1960s home audience.

The Highlanders, then, is a compromise; a meandering, toothless tale which is never truly bad, but never good either. In fairness, it has not been too wrong of us to remember this story only for the footnotes it supplied to *Doctor Who*'s own history. **DWM**

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The Robots of Death

Death stalks the corridors of Storm Mine Four in this month's new DVD release. DWM Archivist Andrew Pixley reveals whodunnit – both on and off screen!

PART ONE

The massive sand-miner *Storm Mine Four* moves across an alien desert. Inside, the crew live in luxury, attended to by humanoid robot servants: mute Dums, speaking Vocs and an intelligent Supervoc. Commanded by Uvanov, the crew consists of Pilot Toos, Chief Mover Poul, Mover Borg, Chief Fixer Dask, Zilda, Cass and Kerril, plus a government meteorologist called Chub. As a storm whips up, Uvanov readies the crew for action. Chub is preparing an instrument pack when the robot he summons for help, V45, strangles him. Reluctantly, Uvanov is forced to start investigating the murder, and the mine is given over to robot control. Suspicious of one another, the crew discover that Chub's corpse had been marked with a robot deactivation disc.

The TARDIS lands the Doctor and his new companion Leela inside the metal scoops of the sand-miner – from where the Police Box is removed as an obstruction. As the vicious sandstorm threatens the pair, they are rescued by two robots and taken to Uvanov's quarters. Once there, the controlling robot SV7 attempts to question them, but to no avail. On hearing of the capture, Uvanov declares that the pair must be the killers and urges the crew back to work.

The Doctor and Leela slip out of the room to explore. While Leela's attention is caught by Chub's corpse, the Doctor locates the TARDIS at the ore hopper section. Looking inside one of the hoppers he sees the dead body of another crew member, Kerril, but when he ventures inside, someone secures the hatch – and ore begins to pour in, smothering him . . .

Photos: BBC Worldwide [17]

Poul-ing their resources: the Chief Mover opens up to Leela

PART TWO

Breathing through a short pipe poking through the ore, the Doctor is released from the hopper by SV7, which had detected an impurity in the ore. One of the crew, Cass, disagrees with Uvanov and goes to investigate; Leela returns to Uvanov's quarters to find Cass dead, his body bearing a marker. She also encounters D84, a supposedly dumb robot, which asks her a series of questions before Uvanov enters.

As the Doctor and Leela plead their innocence, tempers again flare among the crew. However, Chief Mover Poul is intrigued by a suggestion of the Doctor's – and after the travellers have been secured, releases them to discuss the murders. Leela is suspicious of Poul, who laughs off the Doctor's suggestion of a murderous robot. Meanwhile, an unseen figure orders V45 to kill Zilda, a woman who hates Uvanov intensely. Zilda breaks into Uvanov's cabin and reads some files which lead her to announce that he is a murderer over the communications system.

Poul arrives to find Uvanov standing over Zilda's dead body and has the Commander restrained. Pilot Toos takes over as acting Commander.

Suddenly the mine lurches as its motors jam. The Doctor and Leela head for the Control Deck as news comes in from Chief Fixer Dask that he has found Mover Borg dead. The Doctor sets about saving the situation with some sabotage, but is stopped by Dask. As the motors run wild and the mine sinks, Toos screams: "She's going!"

PART THREE

Just in time, the Doctor persuades Dask to cut the Zeta links, and then works with Dask to refloat the mine and restore operations. Toos is slightly injured and goes to relax in her cabin. Poul explains that, years ago, Uvanov left Zilda's brother outside a mine to die. The Doctor goes to confront D84 and deduces that the Dum is a robot detective planted on the sand-miner; the Company has been alerted to the threat of a robot revolution by a scientist called Taren Capel, himself raised by robots.

A hooded figure restructures SV7's command channel and those of other robots; on seeing a bloodied robot which killed Borg, Poul has a physical breakdown. V6 is sent to kill Toos while V5 attacks Leela in the Crew Room.

The Doctor and D84 locate Taren Capel's workshop, and D84 is sent to Toos' rescue. Uvanov appears, having escaped his cabin – but he is followed by a murderous V4. The robot advances towards them, chanting: "Kill the Doctor."

PART FOUR

Uvanov saves the Doctor by pushing a powerful Laserson probe tool into V4's head; the pair evade the other robots and make for the control deck where they meet Leela and Toos. D84 carries in Poul, who suffers from robophobia, the fear of robots – the same condition which caused Zilda's brother to commit suicide despite Uvanov's attempts to save him. Poul is a detective, working with D84 for the Company.

Dask reveals that he is Taren Capel and orders the robots he is freeing from slavery to kill all the humans. The Doctor obtains some helium from Chub's weather balloons and secretes Leela in Capel's workshop; he is then captured and tortured by Capel himself. However, the Doctor has built a deactivation circuit which D84 operates, destroying both itself and the robots in Capel's power. Leela releases the helium which affects Capel's voice – and SV7, failing to recognise his tones, throttles him to death before Uvanov inserts a probe in its head.

The Doctor and Leela depart the sand-miner, leaving Uvanov, Toos and Poul to await a rescue ship.

Taren Capel: irresistible

'There's no such thing as magic . . .'

In the TARDIS, Leela asks the Doctor if she can stop playing with her yo-yo and the Doctor says that she may.

LEELA [*indicating the TARDIS*] It will not affect this?
THE DOCTOR Affect this? It's a yo-yo. It's a game. I thought you were enjoying it.
LEELA Enjoying it! [*She drops the toy*] You said I had to keep it going up and down. I thought it was part of the magic.
THE DOCTOR Magic, Leela? Magic?
LEELA I know, I know. There's no such thing as magic.
THE DOCTOR Exactly. To the rational mind nothing is inexplicable, only unexplained.

From **The Robots of Death** Part One, by Chris Boucher

In Production

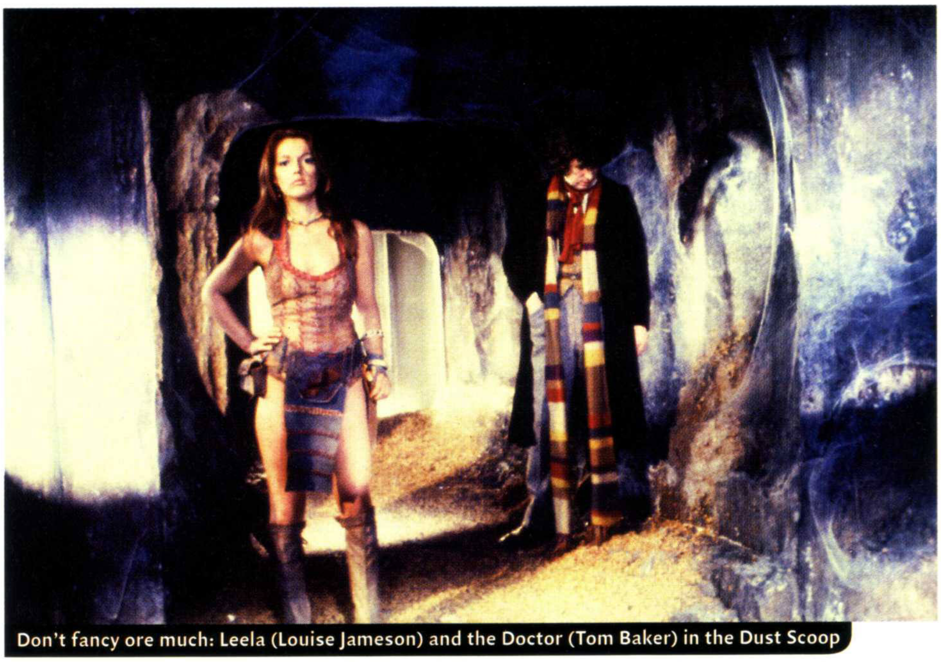
Bridge of size: the impressive Art Deco-styled control room of the sand-miner

Doctor Who's 14th season was beginning to take shape by April 1976. Several proposed serials – including *The Prisoner of Time* by Barry Letts, *The Angurth* by Eric Pringle and a story by veteran comedy writer Basil Dawson – had been dropped. Louis Marks' *Doom of Destiny* (later *The Masque of Mandragora*) was set to enter production. In the next story planned, a sword-and-sorcery-inflected Foreign Legion tale written by director Douglas Camfield, companion Sarah Jane Smith was due to be killed off; this was set to be followed by a companion-less tale from script editor Robert Holmes. After much coaching, new writer Christopher Boucher was delivering scripts for *The Day God Went Mad* (later *The Face of Evil*), after which it was felt that *The Hand of Fear* – a much-troubled storyline written for the previous season by Bob Baker and Dave Martin – would be ready. The season's climax would be Robert Banks Stewart's *The Foe from the Future*. However, Boucher had also submitted another possible storyline, which remained in Holmes' files . . .

By the end of April, Camfield's story had been deemed unsuitable – and the heavily revised Baker and Martin scripts had been pulled forward to replace it. Meanwhile, there was much indecision over the new companion to replace Sarah, who would still be written out in the second serial. An 'Eliza Doolittle' character was suggested in March 1976, but it was soon felt that a 'guest' companion could be introduced with each different story. As such, Boucher was asked to invent a companion for *The Day God Went Mad*; initially Loke, a member of the Sevateem tribe, this soon became Leela, a character from Boucher's earlier storyline *The Mentor*

Conspiracy. The scripts were developed during summer 1976; after the second episode had been delivered, producer Philip Hinchcliffe remarked that Leela had the makings of a good companion.

With the loss of Camfield's serial, the fifth slot had fallen vacant. Scripts for *The Face of Evil* were delivered late in July, when Holmes suggested to Boucher that he should also write the next serial; it had now been decided to retain Leela for the remainder of the season, and the new companion required further development by her creator. Discussions about the new serial took place early in August. Some time previously, Hinchcliffe had asked for a story with a robotics theme – but the result, the previous year's *The Brian of Morbius*, had moved way beyond the brief in the scripting process, and he remained keen to present a serial in which highly sophisticated robots were seen to malfunction. To save money, Holmes wanted the story to take place in a confined environment – a remote outpost suitable for a traditional 'whodunnit'-style thriller, or a haunted house mystery. He suggested a moving location, with Hinchcliffe proposing a vast mineral digger of some sort; it was thought that a stormy background would ensure a lack of external communications. Commissioned as *The Storm-Mine Murders*, the scripts had to be developed rapidly for delivery by mid-September – when a director was due to join the serial, coded 4R.



Don't fancy ore much: Leela (Louise Jameson) and the Doctor (Tom Baker) in the Dust Scoop

Robots fascinated Boucher, who wanted to explore various issues around them: the point at which complex machine behaviour becomes intelligence, for example. He was partly inspired by *Bathe Your Bearings in Blood!*, a short story by American author Clifford D Simak which had appeared in *Amazing* magazine in December 1950, and was included under its more familiar title *Skirmish* in the 1955 anthology *Strangers in the Universe*; in this tale, a man is attacked by machines controlled by aliens who have come to Earth to 'free' enslaved technology. Boucher named the figure freeing his robot servants 'Taren Capel' after the Czech writer Karel Capek, who had devised the word 'robot' for his 1920 play *RUR* ('Rossum's Universal Robots'), which concerned a revolt among a mis-treated force of synthetic serfs (the word itself derived from the Czech *robota*, meaning 'statue labour'). He named the detective Poul after American SF writer Poul Anderson; the idea that Poul's ability to read 'body language' would make him susceptible to robophobia was founded in the writings of animal and human behaviourist Desmond Morris, author of *The Naked Ape*.

The notion of the sand-miner was inspired by the vast machines harvesting the Melange spice on the desert world Arrakis in Frank Herbert's *Dune* novels; Herbert was one of Boucher's favourite authors, and Boucher found the idea of the mine chasing sandstorms atmospheric, originally suggesting that such mines and their crew were going missing as a result of the robot rebellions. The sand-miner's crew structure derived from that of old whaling ships; civilians signed on as crew under the authority of a master, whose skill allowed a short trip with a rapid profit split amongst those on board. According to Boucher, the sand-miner would be owned by a business consortium called 'the Company' – a major shareholder in which would be the planetary government. The crew all came from the same unnamed planet – a human colony so far in the future that Earth had been forgotten. The idea of the planet having 20 'founding families' allowed for some class satire. The notion of having the crew killed one-by-one was taken from Agatha Christie's 1939 novel *Ten Little Niggers* (aka *Ten Little Indians*, *And Then There Were None*).

By September, the serial was being referred to as *Planet of the Robots* – but it soon became *The Robots of Death*. In the first script, Boucher indicated: "The Control Deck is not unlike that of an aircraft but is larger and more complex." He gave little description of the humanoid robots, which he divided into three classes: Dum, Voc and Supervoc. Struggling with the instrument package in the storage bay, Chub curses: "Blazing rods! Where in the seven suns is that robot?" It was noted that the audience should not see the "number flash" of the robot which kills Chub. Originally, the Doctor agrees to meet Leela back at the Commander's Office if they should become separated, since it will be the last place that anyone would search for them. Part One's climax showed Leela finding the dead Cass in Uvanov's quarters – and turning to find D84 advancing upon her . . .

Spare part surgery? Taren Capel in his Workshop

Having received the first script, Holmes telephoned Boucher to suggest that Leela could have some strange supernatural powers inherited from witch-priestess grandmother. Boucher rejected the notion, preferring to give Leela a huntress' sixth sense for danger.

In Part Two's Crew Room scenes, SV7 was to regard D84 – actually a Supervoc in disguise – with suspicion until Poul sends D84 on its duties. The original climax of the episode was apparently the death of Zilda. In Part Three's script, when Poul sees Borg's blood on the hands of the damaged V2 robot, he "sinks to his knees holding his head in both hands. He makes a high crooning noise and starts rocking from side to side, eyes vacant." Confronting D84 in Uvanov's quarters, the Doctor tells it: "You have no programmed inhibitions. You see, I know what you are. What I need to know is why you're here." V6 removes its whole arm when it is trapped in the door of Toos' cabin. When Toos panics, the Doctor urges her to pull herself together with the words, "Stop snivelling woman!"; "Stop snivelling Commander if you don't mind!" retorts Toos – to

SCRIPTING The first law of robotics

In Part Four of *The Robots of Death*, the character of Pilot Toos says that the first principle programmed into the robots insists that they cannot harm humans. This was a reference to the first law of robotics – "A robot may not injure a human being, or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm" – a maxim developed in 1940 by Russian-born American SF writer Isaac Asimov and his editor John W Campbell; it was first invoked in the third of Asimov's 'positronic robot' stories, *Liar!*, in *Astounding Science Fiction* in May 1941. Two more laws were contained in Asimov's next robot tale, *Runaround*, published in March 1942; the three were combined in the 1950 collection *I, Robot*. The idea of a detective working alongside a robot aide also featured in Asimov's work: both investigator Elijah Bailey – who has a dislike of robots – and his synthetic cohort R Daneel Olivaw appeared in 1952's *The Caves of Steel* and 1956's *The Naked Sun*.

which the Doctor responds, "Better!" When Uvanov bursts into the Workroom, he has a bandaged head and is looking "a bit concussed"; he fires a wild shot from a handgun at the Doctor – who holds him at bay with a probe, saying, "That's close enough. Unless you want to be a pioneer in the field of long range lobotomy." When Uvanov says that the penalty for what the Doctor has done is death, the Doctor responds: "I've got two objections to that. One, it's not true. And two – it's pompous." The episode ending had SV7 instructing V5 to kill both Uvanov and the Doctor.

During an early Part Four corridor scene, Uvanov tells the Doctor to go on while he deals with SV7, only to have the Doctor retort: "Save the noble gestures for later. We'll probably need them." Revealing himself as Taren Capel, "Dask is partly clad in robot dress. Boots, gloves, part of a helmet. He looks grotesque. He also looks quite mad." In the script, Dask was a Fixer as opposed to a Chief Fixer. The Doctor compares Uvanov's attitude to the robot revolution to that adopted by the French queen Marie Antoinette during the revolution of 1789, prior to her execution in October 1793. When examining the smashed V2 in the storage bay, the Doctor comments: "This was the first of his killer robots. I can see where the brain's been modified." References to Leela's origins in *The Face of Evil* had her comparing the Doctor to a Tesh in Part One, and the Doctor saying that Leela came from "the jungle" in Part Four. The Doctor's concluding speech made reference to his respiratory bypass system, as per *Pyramids of Mars*.

COSTUMES The robots

The Art Deco-style robots were a collaboration between designer Ken Sharp and costume designer Elizabeth Waller, who enjoyed working together. Waller's robot outfits consisted of a green linen undersuit with quilted arms and a lace-up front, elasticised trousers, a sleeveless zipped tabard with a high collar, slippers with a lurex sock covering, sprayed washing-up gloves and a hinged fibreglass numberplate. Sharp modelled the ornate heads, which he then had modified by sculptress Rose Garrard; the two-part heads were cast in fibreglass, with the lower part of the moulded 'hair' being held in position by a hook and velcro strip. The actors wore make-up on their necks, this being one their only source of ventilation.

Nine robot costumes were made in total: five metallic green Vocs, two deep olive Dums, a dummy Voc and a Supervoc. The robots' identifying numberplates could be changed between scenes to create the illusion of a far larger crew. In the first studio session, Mark Blackwell Baker played V21, V46 and V14, John Bleasdale was V16, V58 and V19, Mark Cooper was V6 and V32, Peter Langtry was D64, D39 and D33, Jeremy Ranchev (who replaced William Marsh) was V9, V4 and V28 and Richard Seager was V5, V8, V3 and V45. For the second studio, Baker was V19 and V49, Bleasdale was V16, V19 and V35, Cooper was V6, V32 and V77, Langtry was D33 and D88, Ranchev was V9, V17, V4 and Seager was V5 and V45. The camera scripts were prepared with a list of robots required for each scene at the top of the page.

The director Hinchcliffe wanted for the serial was Michael Briant, who had been asked for to handle Serial 4R on Monday 21 June; Briant, who had already directed five serials since 1971, had been working on *Dixon of Dock Green* and *Warship* and was reluctant to take on the assignment, feeling that he had moved on from *Doctor Who*. Briant joined the production team on Monday 13 September, and was dismayed by the scripts. Recalling the problems with the Cybermen in his last serial, *Revenge of the Cybermen*, Briant dreaded the robot story, thinking its 'clichéd' murder mystery trappings made it the worst script he had been given.

> **'I thought it was the worst script I'd ever had – cliché-ridden. When I read it I thought, "What am I doing? This is awful!"'**
>
> **Michael E Briant**

Set design was to be handled by Ken Sharp, who had previously worked on *The Macra Terror* and *The Claws of Axos*. Costume design was originally given to John Bloomfield as a mark of continuity with *The Face of Evil*, but Bloomfield was then asked to handle the season climax, *The Talons of Greel* (later *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*). Replacing him was Elizabeth Waller, a highly-regarded designer who had won numerous awards for *Elizabeth R*. Make-up was handled by Ann Briggs and visual effects supervised by Richard Conway, both of whom had received their first credits on the series with *The Seeds of Doom*.

To research the serial's look, Briant and Sharp travelled to Cornwall to study open-cast mining techniques, resulting in the sand-miner being equipped with massive Archimedes screw mining devices. Travelling back to London by train, both men agreed on their dislike of the script, and decided to salvage it with very rich visuals. Wanting to move away from silver corridors, the pair decided that the sand-miner crew would live in decadent luxury, with each room decorated in a different historical style. For the decor, Sharp suggested Art Deco – a style of bold, colourful geometric designs established at the Paris Exhibition of 1925. This in turn made Briant suggest that the robots should look pleasing to the human eye, and they too should be Art Deco. Waller's costumes, meanwhile, were based on small wooden and ivory Art Nouveau figures, after a popular turn-of-the-century style which used flowing natural motifs. Many of the sets were also influenced by the futurism of Fritz Lang's 1926 movie *Metropolis* and cinematic versions of Jules Verne's stories, including 1954's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and 1961's *Master of the World*.

Voc it to me! Leela warns a killer robot back

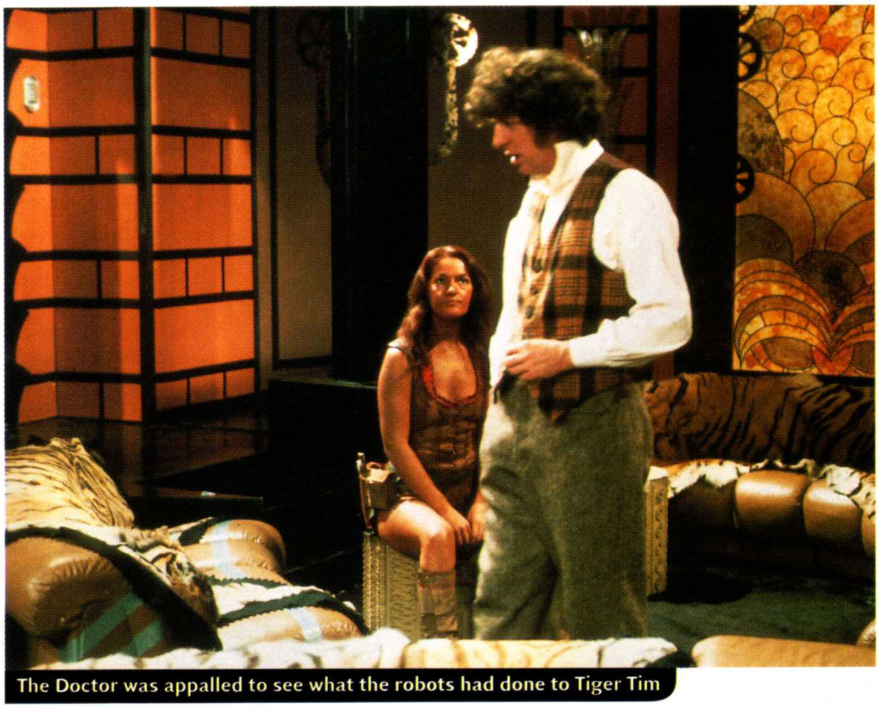
Script rewrites began on Tuesday 28 September with work on Part Two to resolve a shortfall in material identified by production assistant Peter Grimwade. A new cliffhanger – with the sand-miner's motive units overloading, causing the machine to sink – was created around the murder of Zilda. Also amended at this point was the Doctor's release from the hopper by SV7 and the crew getting back to work on the Control Deck. In the Crew Room, the Doctor quotes *Macbeth* and makes reference to the sinking of the *SS Titanic* at the start of Part Three. Further rewrites came over Tuesday 19 and Wednesday 20 October, when Part One's TARDIS scenes, Part Two's Storage Bank sequences and the scene where Zilda enters Uvanov's office were reworked. Sometime prior to rehearsals, Holmes also wrote the Part One dialogue between Chub and Borg about a robot masseur.

Filming was minimal, centring on the model sequences featuring the *Storm Mine Four* sand-miner, which Hinchcliffe had discussed in detail with Conway.

Brian Croucher (Borg) and Tania Rogers (Zilda) take a break. But there's no rest for the robots . . .

Stage 2 of the Television Film Studios at Ealing was booked from Monday 1 to Friday 5 November, with shooting on 16mm film taking place from Tuesday 2 under Grimwade's direction. The mine model incorporated the Archimedes screws, an illuminated bridge section and expeller jets. Also filmed were the TARDIS spinning through space, the TARDIS being taken away by grabs, and the model landscape with smoky sandstorm seen by the Doctor and Leela.

Live-action sequences bridging Parts One and Two showing the Doctor trapped in the ore-filled hopper were filmed on the Wednesday. Boucher had originally written these scenes for studio, but Briant scheduled them for film to enable them to be more easily controlled. The only artistes required were the show's star, Tom Baker, and an extra as Kerril's corpse. Cork tips were used for the refined ore. Briant found Baker exciting to work with, thinking that since *Revenge of the Cybermen* the actor had taken hold of the show, wanting to make the stories as exciting as possible. Baker particularly disliked the manner of the Doctor's escape from the hopper: as scripted, the Doctor cheats death by using a breathing pipe, prior to being released by SV7; in a typically forthright manner, Baker suggested that the Doctor should instead loop his scarf over some overhead struts, pull himself up, then swing and kick open the door. At this point in a now-heated debate Briant introduced Baker to a newcomer who was present to witness the shoot – Graham Williams, the series' new producer, who had just started trailing the outgoing Hinchcliffe. Taken aback by this sudden introduction to his new boss, Baker fell silent and followed the script.



The Doctor was appalled to see what the robots had done to Tiger Tim

> **'The casting was inspired. The multi-racial element gave it a feeling of being . . . whatever the word for "multi-galactic" is!'**
>
> **Louise Jameson**

By now, it had been decided to break *Doctor Who* mid-season, allowing the team to catch up. The intention had been to broadcast *The Face of Evil* from Saturday 27 November, directly after *The Deadly Assassin*. By the time the Drama Early Warning Synopsis for *The Robots of Death* (erroneously listed as Serial 4Q) was issued on Monday 8 November, *The Face of Evil* was scheduled to start on New Year's Day 1977, pushing the season back by four weeks.

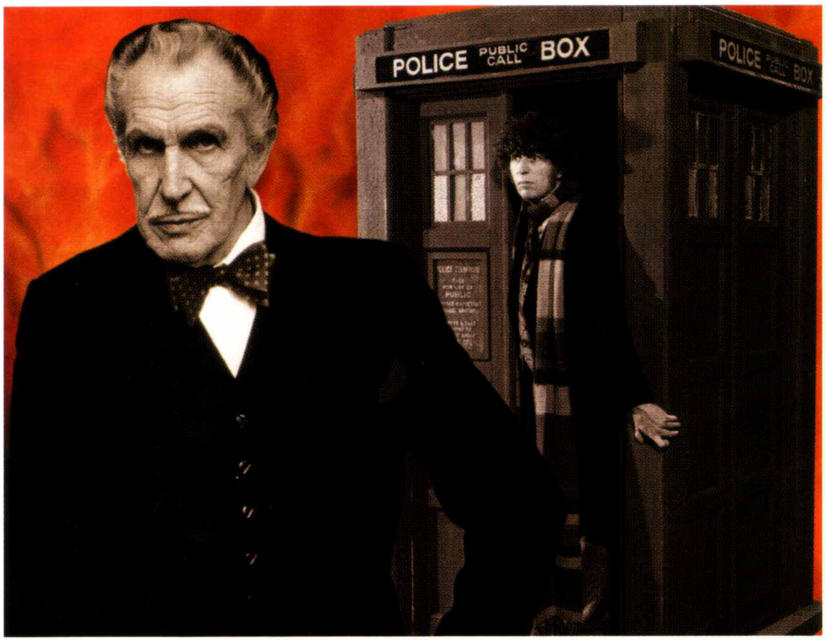
Rehearsals at the BBC's Acton premises began on Thursday 11 November. Briant particularly enjoyed working with Leela actress Louise Jameson, who was trying very hard to make her character real and believable; Jameson had been contracted to appear in 14 episodes on Thursday 9 September. For the role of Commander Uvanov, Briant had deliberately cast against type by hiring Russell Hunter, a small Scots actor who grew a beard for the part. Hinchcliffe had initial misgivings about Hunter's casting, mainly because the actor was best known for playing a weak-willed criminal in *Callan*. As Poul, Briant cast David Collings, whom he had used in *Revenge of the Cybermen* as Vorus; Collings became good friends with Jameson. Both Rob Edwards and Pamela Salem, playing Chub and Toos, had been 'voices of Xoanon' in *The Face of Evil*. Salem, who got on very well with Baker, had been interviewed for the role of Leela on Tuesday 10 August, and on Saturday 13 November – thanks to Salem's enthusiastic publicist – *The Sun* erroneously announced that Toos would be another regular companion. Borg was played by Brian Croucher, who later appeared in both *Blake's 7* and *EastEnders*, while D84 was played by Gregory de Polnay, a regular on *Dixon of Dock Green*. Briant also decided to make the sand-miner crew multi-racial, casting non-Caucasian actors Tariq Yunus (later prominent in *Tandoori Nights*) and Tania Rogers as Cass and Zilda.

Although initial plans had been made to record on each studio day, Briant opted to use his recording sessions as he had done since *Death to the Daleks*, with the first day devoted purely to camera rehearsals. The first studio block spanned Monday 22 and Tuesday 23 November in TC8, with recording between 2.30 and 5.30pm, and then 7.30 to 10.00pm on the second day; Briant aimed to record all of Parts One and Two apart from the scenes in the Dust Scoop and Ore Separation Section and some of the more complex scenes for the Control Deck. All the scenes in the Crew Room and the Commander's Office for Part Three would also be recorded.

The first scene taped was Part One's TARDIS scene; this saw the last use of the wooden-panelled control room introduced in *The Masque of Mandragora*. Instead of her Sevateem crossbow – as per the scripted directions – Leela cradled one of the Tesh disruptor guns from *The Face of Evil* to match in with final scene of the previous serial, while the Doctor's grey coat and red jacket from the previous season could be seen in the background. CSO was used to show the inside of the metal scoop on the scanner, and the Doctor's comment about the "rational mind" was an on-the-spot addition.

Recording continued with scenes for Part One, with scenes on the same set often being grouped together; unfortunately, Baker was not wearing the Doctor's scarf during a scene set in Uvanov's Office, causing a continuity error. The large two-level Control Deck set had a blue CSO screen onto which could

MOVIE *Doctor Who Meets Scratchman*



Sometime over 1974 and 1975, during production of his first season of *Doctor Who*, actor Tom Baker had voiced his generally low opinion of the scripts to his co-star Ian Marter, who played Harry Sullivan. Deciding they could come up with something better themselves, they drafted a storyline in which the Doctor, Sarah and Harry come up against a villain called 'Scratchman' – an ancient name for the Devil – who employs monstrous scarecrows and quasi-cybernetic goblins to further his evil ends. The 'very British' plot began and ended with the Doctor and friends playing a game of cricket while out on a picnic.

Although the story was rejected by the BBC production team during 1975, director James Hill expressed an interest making it as a potential feature film. Born in 1919, Hill had started out in documentaries; his later work included episodes of television series including *The Saint* and *The Avengers* and movies including *Born Free*, *Black Beauty* and the Sherlock Holmes-versus-Jack the Ripper thriller *A Study in Terror*. Consequently, Baker and Marter arranged for a viewing of the two 1960s Aaru films starring Peter Cushing – *Dr Who and the Daleks* and *Daleks: Invasion Earth 2150AD* – at Wardour Street, but disliked what they saw.

On Friday 10 October 1975, Baker's agent, Jean Diamond of London Management, approached the BBC concerning the possibility of a *Doctor Who* film starring Baker; the BBC confirmed it was interested on Tuesday 14. On Tuesday 25 November, Diamond stated that James Hill Productions was interested in an 18-month option on the series' movie rights, with the BBC legal department arranging a meeting and asking TV series producer Philip Hinchcliffe for his comments. Hinchcliffe's main concern was that the BBC should have approval on the script, which needed to reflect the spirit of the series. Diamond and Hill attended a meeting with the BBC on the morning of Friday 2 January 1976, when it was agreed to base the film firmly on the TV programme; however, Baker would not be available to shoot until March 1977 at the earliest.

A draft agreement between the BBC and James Hill Productions was drawn up by Tuesday 3 February, and detailed negotiations began regarding aspects such as the BBC's provision of props and costumes.

Midway through September 1976, Hinchcliffe met with Hill and was able to see a copy of the script, *Doctor Who Meets Scratchman.* He remarked that the proposed inclusion of the Daleks would be costly, and was confused by "the Cybors", which appeared to be Cybermen. On Sunday 26, Hill responded by saying that he had spoken to Dalek creator Terry Nation and felt a deal over the Daleks could be made, and that he would be including the Cybermats.

It was during production of *The Robots of Death* that Baker spoke publicly about the film, and a few details about the production started to be released. In an interview by Martin Jackson in the *Daily Mail* on Thursday 25 November, Baker said that it was hoped horror star Vincent Price would play the villain in the film, which they hoped would be released for Christmas 1977. However, there was a problem with finance, and although Baker saw the project as a "no risk film" with a guaranteed audience, they could not find investors. Baker and Hill had both decided to only take a percentage of the profits, having rejected a Hollywood approach because they wanted to keep the film British. It seemed that model/actress Twiggy was likely to star as one of the companions (Twiggy had recently been considered as one of the possible guest companions replacing Elisabeth Sladen's Sarah in the TV series). Soon afterwards, Baker joked to the *Sunday Mirror* that maybe the many fans of *Doctor Who* could help raise the £500,000 budget.

In December, incoming producer Graham Williams took over the film issue and suggested a meeting to clarify ambiguities in the contract. Little progress was made over the first few months of 1977. On Monday 18 July, the London *Evening Standard* revealed that fans had acted on Baker's suggestion and sent money to him; however, since this was an illegal way of raising funds, all the money had been returned. The British Board of Film Finance had now offered half the amount needed, and a City bank had expressed interest in a trilogy of films.

At the beginning of August, an approach was made to the BBC at by Cinema Mistrale Inc; producers Laurence Tetenbaum and Paul Bluhdohn (whose father owned Paramount Pictures) had been intrigued by the Target Books novelisations of *Doctor Who* stories, and suggested making a feature or a TV Movie. Time-Life, the BBC's American distributor, indicated it was not interested in a co-production during September 1977, but the American deal was viewed by the BBC as a more lucrative one than Hill and Baker offered; BBC Copyright visited Cinema Mistrale in late October – by which time the BBC was running into contractual difficulties with London Management. Late in 1977, Baker arranged for his team to see a preview of *Star Wars*, the spectacle of which made them feel dejected at the small scale of their own project.

Debate ran on into 1978, when, on Tuesday 4 April, an approach came from agent Jill Foster, who had a strong interest in obtaining the film rights to go with a full screen treatment developed by *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* creator/*The Pirate Planet* writer Douglas Adams. The BBC told Foster that London Management had been give a month to decide if they would accept the current contract. After details of Baker's future work pattern had been acquired from Williams on Wednesday 30 August, at long last the BBC issued the option of one year from November 1978 to James Hill Productions on Friday 13 October. Almost immediately, London Management challenged the merchandise clause, and further delays were caused by the agents only having Hill's share of the rights payment available. The project, now called *Doctor Who and the Big Game*, was possibly to be filmed in Australia, a country Baker visited in February 1979. By the time Baker's share was paid in mid-February 1979, the film team realised that the option was useless because Baker was about to start working solidly on the television series again, through to when the rights expired. Midway through July 1979, it was agreed that the project was indefinitely postponed.

Tom Baker takes a tour of the spacious sand-miner sets

be dropped the film of the model landscape or text or graphics generated on an Anchor machine, which could also be superimposed over film. For the corridor scenes, the end of the corridors were often CSO drapes, into which were keyed a model of the corridor. When the robots were reprogrammed, ovals of blue CSO material were placed over the mask eyes, and a red electronic sparkle effect was inlayed. Various cutaway shots were recorded with a hand-held camera showing both the killer robots advancing and the robot's view of their victims; these shots were passed through a colour synthesiser onto a monitor screen, and then re-recorded off the screen by another camera. The corpse markers were simple bicycle reflectors.

Part Two was recorded largely in sequence, with Baker again complaining loudly about the script in the scene where the Doctor and Leela are imprisoned in the storage bay, and again being silenced by the presence of Williams. Unfortunately, a crewman could be seen reflected in a mirror as Zilda entered Uvanov's cabin during Part Two. The camera was tilted to simulate the mine almost toppling over. For the Crew Room scenes in Part Three, the red contact lenses worn by Jameson to make her blue eyes brown meant that she almost threw her knife at the cameraman. Cutaway shots were used to show a dummy blade inserted into Richard Seager's V5 costume, along with a whip-pan to suggest the blade in motion.

DIRECTOR Michael E Briant

The Robots of Death was Michael E Briant's final *Doctor Who* serial; the following year, he resisted an impassioned plea by new producer Graham Williams to return to the series. Briant's career continued on programmes including *Treasure Island, Blake's 7, Secret Army, A Tale of Two Cities* (which won an Emmy), *Blood Money* and *Kessler*. He later set up a film production company, Linked Ring – but, when the company collapsed after only two films, Briant returned to television, directing episodes of *One by One, Hideaway* and *Howard's Way* before spending several years in Holland, working on Dutch adaptations of British sitcoms.

With a smaller cast, rehearsals restarted on Thursday 25, the same day that Baker went to the press to announce problems with the proposed movie *Doctor Who Meets Scratchman*. The serial concluded with a three-day studio session, this time in TC1; Briant again had a day of camera rehearsals on Sunday 5 December but encountered various problems from the outset. By early afternoon, only one-and-a-half sets had been erected for lighting, and several had been very badly damaged; the knock-on effect was that 70 minutes' rehearsal time was lost. Problems with the sets continued onto the next two days, both of which had afternoon and evening recordings. Although taping on Monday 6 began at 2.30pm, the scenic painters were still at work two hours later.

Recording began with Part Two's final Control Deck scene and continued with various scenes for Part Three, often grouped by set and with point-of-view cutaway shots recorded at the ends of scenes. Cutaway shots of Dask cutting the Zeta links were done, and make-up was applied to Salem's left wrist for Toos' injury. One of the deactivated robots in the storage bay was V35, despite dialogue in Part Four which suggested that V35 was one of the searching robots. CSO, Anchor text, the colour synthesiser and reframe monitor were again used for the scene in which Capel reprogrammes SV7. A dummy dressed as V6 appeared in the sequence where the hooded Capel rewires its command channel; an artiste beneath the table moved the dummy's hands. The Laserson probes used the same red 'sparkle' CSO effect as the reprogrammed robots' eyes.

Voc-ing, positively Voc-ing: a robot blows his top

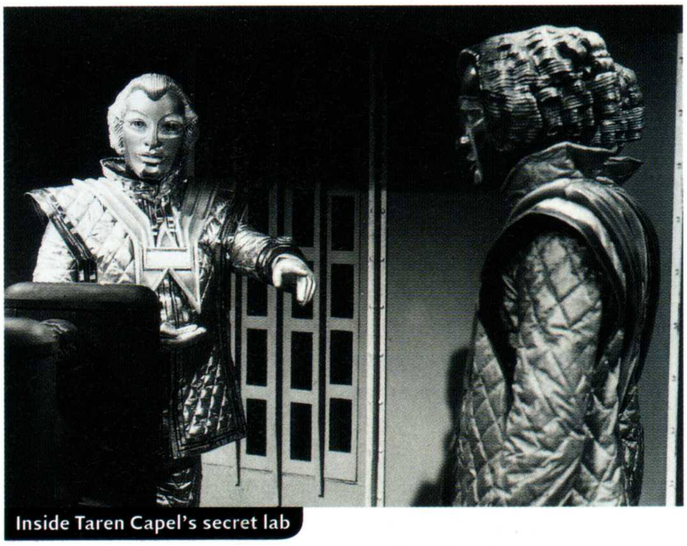
Baker and de Polnay got on well together, and devised a joke about D84 repeating "I heard a cry" while in the corridor with the Doctor; they also added the explanation of why D84 cannot use the communicator in the Workshop. De Polnay hoped that D84 might even be reprieved to become a new companion. Make-up was applied to Hunter's right temple from the end of Part Three to show Uvanov's injuries. In the scene where Uvanov attacks V4 with a Laserson probe, the prop's needle retracted into itself and, during a taping break, a shortened probe prop was attached to the robot mask. A special rotating lens which created multiple images was used to show V4's point of view after Uvanov's attack on it. For the scenes showing V6's hand trapped in the door of Toos' Cabin (a redress of the Commander's Office from the first block), actor Mark Cooper's Voc costume was fitted with a false arm stump. There was some confusion towards the end of the evening when it was discovered that David Bailie, who played Dask, had been released early and left – although one of his scenes had been left unrecorded. By the time recording ended at 10.00pm, about a quarter of the scheduled shots had not been completed.

Tuesday 7 was a hectic day in order to catch up with time lost the previous day, but further lighting problems cost Briant another half-hour. Most of the day was devoted to Part Four which was largely taped in set order, completing the corridor scenes at the start of the instalment, then moving to the Control Deck and the corridor outside, then the remaining corridor scenes, the Storage Bank and finally the Workshop. During recording, Baker changed the description of robophobia from "Grimwol's Syndrome" to "Grimwade's Syndrome", after Peter Grimwade. For this recording, Bailie wore ornate face make-up as Dask/Capel revealed his true nature, and also wore a quilted outfit over his normal costume. V5's explosive entry to the deck was done in several stages, first with a black-lit panel and then with a video effect added; the explosion was done as a cutaway shot, after which Seager had donned a burnt costume to stagger through and collapse. As the helium took effect, cast members' voices were modulated. Dummies of D84 and V6 were rigged to have their heads explode in shots which were edited in slow motion.

Various other CSO sequences were taped next. Part One's Dust Scoop scenes were done first, with the TARDIS materialising via the normal roll-back-and-mix technique and the model film of the desert CSOed behind the shutters. Next came inserts for Part One of the Control Deck, including placing the set into close-ups of the sand-miner coning tower on model shots using CSO and a caption slide; also taped was the shot of V32 moving the model TARDIS with the film played back on a monochrome monitor. Finally came all the scenes in the Ore Separation and Hopper Section which required numerous CSO shots to blend the hoppers in with model of the mine interior, and also for when the Doctor sees a hopper being filled in Part One – an image of a small glass tube being filled with grain inlayed into the door. Recording was completed at 10.40pm.

'I didn't want to do The Robots of Death at all. I didn't want to prove that I could be brilliantly inventive on tuppence!'

Kenneth Sharp



Inside Taren Capel's secret lab

Regular composer Dudley Simpson had been contracted to provide music for the serial on Thursday 19 August 1976; this score was performed by six musicians, who recorded almost 17 minutes' material for Parts One and Two on Monday 10 January 1977 and about 18 minutes for Parts Three and Four the following Monday. In addition to this, Simpson also used two bands of music from a mid-1970s Polydor LP entitled *In a Covent Garden Electrophon*, for which he had produced synthesiser arrangements of classical music. Backing scenes in the crew room during Part One were 98 seconds of Tchaikovsky's *None But The*

Weary Heart and 20 seconds of Debussy's *The Girl With the Flaxen Hair*.

Editing on *The Robots of Death* was scheduled to run from Saturday 11 to Friday 24 December, although on Monday 20, Hinchcliffe had to extend Briant's contracts for another three weeks "due to circumstance beyond my control (namely planning problems)". Unusually, Briant opted to fade in the closing credits over the action on all instalments except for Part Two, and the final shot of Part Two was not used in the reprise of Part Three. The episodes were dubbed shortly before transmission, on Saturday 22, Thursday 27 and Saturday 29 January and Thursday 3 February. Originally, the robot voices were to be specially modulated to go up and down in pitch, but the special piece of equipment developed for this purpose prior to the dubbing broke down, and its designer was on leave; the robot voices were thus post-synched in monotone. The sounds of the mine were based on those of a jet engine.

More power to her elbow: the savage Leela

In the lead-up to broadcast, it was hoped that Jameson would appear on *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop* on Saturday 29 January, a few hours before Part One went out; unfortunately Jameson was ill with glandular fever and her appearance was delayed to Saturday 12 February. Baker, however, was interviewed for BBC Radio 4's *Woman's Hour*, and during the broadcast on Wednesday 26 he discussed 'clean up TV' campaigner Mary Whitehouse's recent attacks on the programmes. However, the main press item during broadcast was not terribly positive; on Friday 11 February, Jean Rook attacked the series in the *Daily Express* in a piece entitled *Who do you think you are, scaring my innocent child?* After her six-year old son had said he did not want to watch the show, Rook had decided that the series was too frightening for children – and her criticisms were dealt with in an interview with Robert Holmes.

Scheduled against shows such as *New Faces* (Granada), *Celebrity Squares* (ATV) and *Larry Grayson* (LWT), *The Robots of Death* was a major ratings success. With generally a million more viewers than *The Face of Evil* and the equivalent time the previous year, every episode was in the top 20 shows of the week and Part Three was the highest rated first-run broadcast of the season. Audience appreciation for the first episode was also very strong. The serial was broadcast again the following year in two compilation episodes spanning New Year 1977/8; the *Radio Times* publicised the first episode with a photograph of a robot, and this broadcast also rated very well, higher than the first-run episodes that season.

The Robots of Death was sold overseas by BBC Enterprises; Dubai purchased the serial in 1977, followed by Australia, where it was broadcast in April 1978 after cuts had been made to Parts Three and Four to reduce the robot chants of "Kill" and cut V6 throttling Toos to a minimum. Other 1978 sales included Ecuador and the USA (where timing cuts were made and narration by Howard DaSilva added). In 1979, the serial was purchased by broadcasters in Brazil, Chile, Guatemala, Venezuela and New Zealand; Canada screened the story in 1980. The serial is also syndicated in North America as a TV movie of 91 minutes' duration.

The 'mine' sound effect was included on the May 1978 LP and cassette *Doctor Who Sound Effects*. Terrance Dicks novelised the serial as *Doctor Who and the Robots of Death* (in which, mistakenly, Cass appears in a scene following his murder). With a cover by John Geary, it was published in May 1979 in both Target Books paperback and WH Allen hardback. The novel was included in an American omnibus, *The Further Adventures of Doctor Who*, issued by Nelson Doubleday in 1981 and reprinted by SFBC in 1986. In the UK, it was reissued in February 1994 with a new Alister Pearson cover.

The sand-miner robots were issued as 40mm and 80mm figures from Fine Art Castings in 1985, and also appeared in the company's Villains Bust Set the following year. A compilation version of the serial was released by BBC Video in April 1986 on both VHS and Betamax formats, with a budget VHS re-release in February 1988; a complete episodic version was issued in February 1995. Boucher wrote *Doctor Who: Corpse Marker*, a sequel to *The Robots of Death*, for BBC Books; published in November 1999, it featured Uvanov, Toos and Poul back in Kaldor City.

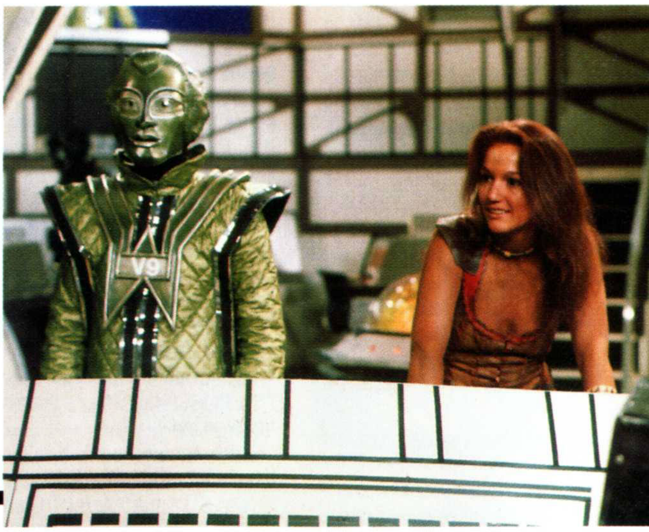
SuperChannel broadcast the serial episodically in August 1988 and in a two-part format in July 1989; it was first screened as a serial by UK Gold in January 1994, with compilation broadcasts from February 1994. The BBC retains digital D3 copies of the original two-inch 625-line videotapes and a copy of the 1977/8 compilations. On Monday 6 December, Boucher and Hinchcliffe recorded a commentary for a DVD release of the serial in October 2000. DWM

SERIAL 4R **THE ROBOTS OF DEATH**

CAST **Tom Baker** *Doctor Who* with **Rob Edwards** *Chub* [1], **Brian Croucher** *Borg* [1-2], **David Bailie** *Dask*, **Pamela Salem** *Toos*, **Tariq Yunus** *Cass* [1-2], **Russell Hunter** *Uvanov*, **David Collings** *Poul*, **Tania Rogers** *Zilda* [1-2, uncredited on 3], **Louise Jameson** *Leela*, **Miles Fothergill** *S.V.7*, **Gregory de Polnay** *D.84*, **Mark Blackwell** *Baker*, **John Bleasdale, Mark Cooper, Peter Langtry, Jeremy Ranchev, Richard Seager** *Robots*.

EXTRA **Peter Sax** *Kerril (corpse)*

CREDITS *Written by* **Chris Boucher**. *Incidental Music by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Title Sequence by* **Bernard Lodge**. *Production Assistant* **Peter Grimwade**. *Production Unit Manager* **Chris D'Oyly-John**. *Lighting* **Duncan Brown**. *Sound* **Tony Millier**. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Chapman** [1-2]. *Visual Effects Designer* **Richard Conway**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Costume Designer* **Elizabeth Waller**. *Make-Up Artist* **Ann Briggs**. *Script Editor* **Robert Holmes**. *Designer* **Kenneth Sharp**. *Producer* **Philip Hinchcliffe**. *Directed by* **Michael E Briant**. *BBC © 1977*



ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Part One	29 January 1977	6.20-6.45pm	24'06"	12.8M (14th)	62
Part Two	5 February 1977	6.20-6.45pm	24'15"	12.4M (17th)	-
Part Three	12 February 1977	6.20-6.45pm	24'15"	13.1M (15th)	-
Part Four	19 February 1977	6.25-6.50pm	24'15"	12.6M (18th)	57

**Scheduled for 6.20-6.45pm*

COMPILATION REPEATS

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Part One	31 December 1977	6.25-7.15pm	46'01"	10.0M (29th)	-
Part Two	1 January 1978	4.45-5.30pm	45'24"	7.0M (80th)	-

THE TIME TEAM

Their mission: to watch all of Doctor Who. In order. From the start.

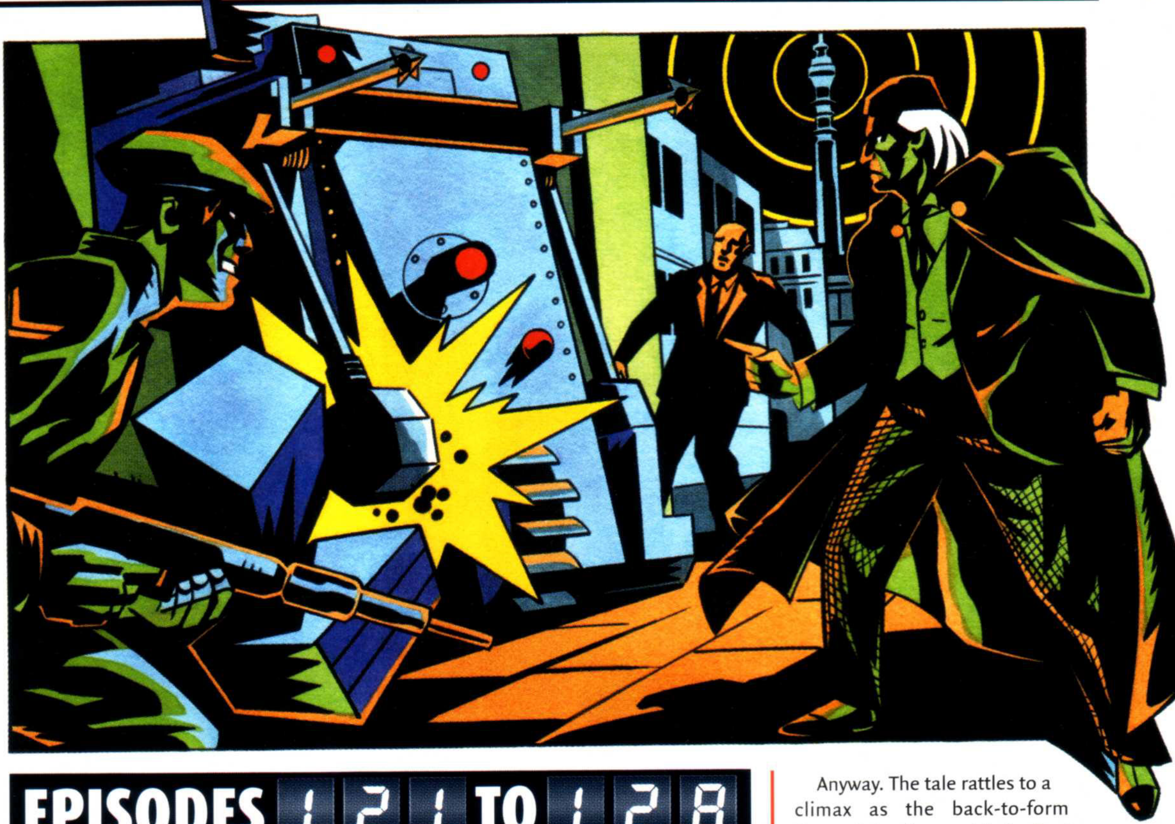
Peter

Richard

Clayton

Jac

Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustration by Adrian Salmon



EPISODES 121 TO 128

It was all go last month, when the Doctor, Steven and Dodo travelled into the far future to a land of milk, honey and the distilled life-force of big-bearded savages. Rightly, the Doctor took umbrage at the way a privileged few in this alien community were feeding off the energy and creativity of the disenfranchised masses, venting his righteous anger in a way that Tony Blair could take lessons from ready for the next time he has to write a leader on the British class system for *The Sun*. For his pains, however, the Doctor was slammed into the life-force-distillation-machine-thingy himself, and we last saw him having his intellectual juices sucked out.

“There have been so few cliffhangers directly involving the Doctor,” notes Peter as Episode 3 of *The Savages* hits the stereo. “And they all seem to involve him having a little lie-down!”

Peter’s having a little lie-down himself, hogging the whole sofa at Jac’s flat. Richard offers to go and collect some of the local West London underclass to refuel our recumbent dentist, but Peter opts for the more tradition oral administration of espresso instead.

Steven and Dodo have fled to the Savages’ caves to learn some back-story. “I like the fact that this touches on the savages’ faith, and there’s mention of temples they’ve built to it,” says Clay. “It’s those little extras that make them far more believable.”

Put-upon ‘savage’ Nanina is big-hearted enough to lend succour to Exorse, a former oppressor captured by Steven. “I can’t make up my mind if this is really clichéd or just nicely traditional,” says Jac. “Helping natives to stand up for themselves harks back to the first Dalek story, but the whole ‘girl is nice to bad guy who sees the error of his ways just in time’ is a bit of a cliché.”

Peter sees other resonances. “There are echoes of the very first story in the cave scenes,” he says. (Clay: “Well, caves do echo.”) “What with hairy savages having leadership tussles and confronting each other over the fate of their prisoners.”

Back in the city, leader Jago has the Doctor’s life essence pumped into himself. Soon enough, he starts to act very oddly. “What a cracking impersonation Freddie Jaeger does of Hartnell!” chuckles Richard. “He’s certainly got his vocal mannerisms down pat.”

Peter laughs. “I’ll wager his lapel clutching was a joy to behold!”

A brief break before Episode 4 sees Clayton looking at the story’s telesnaps. “Have you noticed how Edal is wearing a Roboman helmet?” he says. “Perhaps that was their favourite of the *Doctor Who* adventures they watched. Maybe they’ve got Brains of Morphoton wrist-watches, too?”

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00142
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00031
One or more regulars incarcerated	00046

Anyway. The tale rattles to a climax as the back-to-form Doctor joins forces with the Doctor-ish Jago to smash the system and liberate the proletariat. But even this new proto-Communist state needs leadership . . .

“Suddenly the adventure takes on a huge significance,” says Jac. “It’s not just a poxy little planet with a tiny dispute, but important enough for Steven to devote his life to it.”

Richard is intrigued by the nature of Steven’s departure. “For the first time, the Doctor seems eager for one of his companions to leave the TARDIS,” he observes. “In fact, he’s encouraging Steven to go. What a pity.”

“They say Steven is ‘the only man for the job’!” rumbles Peter. “That’s only because Nanina hasn’t been considered! A woman of intelligence, compassion, charisma and understanding – she was robbed!” Clay agrees: “The Doctor does seem very keen for Steven to leave, doesn’t he? It’s not like Steven’s had much to do in this story to warrant the Savages’ faith in him. Dodo’s been more help. Take her!”

“Please!” laughs Jac.

Back to Earth now – and onto video – for Episode 1 of *The War Machines*, heralded on screen by the *Grandstand* teleprinter in a ‘space-y’ typeface. “I love those opening credits,” coos Peter. “It’s such a break from the norm, it suggests that we’re in for something special.”

The TARDIS is in Fitzroy Square, London 1966 – “in the shadow of the Post Office Tower”, as the synopses always put it. “Oh, that’s a bit poor,” sighs Clay. “Dr Who turns up, notices a new building and then goes into a routine about how evil it is. Talk about walking slap-bang into trouble. Couldn't we have found that out through clever plotting? Must we now be told to expect the worst?"

It gets better. The Doctor and Dodo then stroll into the sky-scraping offices of Professor Brett and his sinister super-computer, WOTAN. Sorry, "Votaghn" – as everyone seems to pronounce it . . .

Brett's plan for Votaghn seems familiar to Peter: "It's the Internet! By linking the world's computers, Brett is trying to create the Internet!"

"If so," asks Jac. "Why is the Doctor testing it by asking for square root calculations rather than downloading Napster or logging into a chatroom?"

"Dodo asking about 'TARDIS' is a bit like looking up your own name on Yahoo though, isn't it?" replies Peter.

Anyway. Brett's secretary is the dolly Polly, with whom Dodo organises a night out on the tiles. Clay is dumbstruck: "Why would Dodo, of all people, want to visit 'the hottest nitespot in London'? She's more square than Fitzroy Square!"

But here we are at the Inferno club. It's the least convincing disco this side of Walford's E20, but it's still a radical departure for *Doctor Who*. "Teenagers exist!" exclaims Jac. "Previously there's been no acknowledgement that there's a state between being a kid and being grown-up. Susan and Vicki moved from one to the other within the space of a single adventure."

As we segue into Episode 2, Votaghn has taken over the brains of Brett, Dodo and others, bending them to his digital will. But sorry? Who else is required? "That *is* weird. It does seem wrong to hear him called 'Doctor Who'," frowns Clay. "And they say it about 15 times just to rub it in!"

'Eurgh! Cherub's not a man to mince his words, is he? It's strong stuff for a kids' series!' *Clayton*

Now, Votaghn has set up a base in Covent Garden, where it intends to build machines of destruction. But a Fagin-esque tramp has fallen foul of the machine's brain-washed gang.

"Look at that!" laughs Richard. "The news about the dead tramp is the biggest headline in the newspaper. It must have been a slow news day! What's more, they've managed to find a photo of him whilst he was alive!"

Peter sniggers, too: "'The police aren't sure if it's a street accident,'" the newsreader claims as he reports the tramp's death. Good grief! The police couldn't tell if he was kicked to death or knocked over by a car? Sack the pathologist!"

It should be mentioned that we also met sailor Ben in the Inferno club, and he's been rapidly absorbed into the Doctor's circle of friends. "Ben knows which side his bread's buttered," notes Clay. "Calling the Doctor 'sir'! He and Polly are such obvious companion material. And they're so loveable!"

But whither Dodo? De-programmed by the Doctor, she's left town to recuperate! "So much for Dodo's big role in this story!" is Jac's response. "What a terrible exit. I may not have liked the character much, but she didn't deserve that!"

Episode 3 sees the deployment of Votaghn's tank-like 'War Machines', and the Doctor working with Sir Charles Summer and the Establishment to defeat them. "This is a side to the Doctor we've never seen before," says Peter. "Totally confident in his abilities, fully in control of the situation, and giving orders to the army and the government. This isn't the Doctor we've come to know – this is Quatermass reborn!"

Clayton's confused. "Who exactly is Sir Charles? What does he do? How does the Doctor have his confidence? A few explanations wouldn't go amiss here . . ."

An impressive showdown in the streets sees the Doctor take the battle to the War Machines. "He's changed his life view since the previous story, hasn't he?" wonders Jac. "'If we worry about one person we shall never solve anything,' he says, which is a bit different to his 'Even one soul' attitude in *The Savages*. This Doctor is more like the original version."

Cornering another machine in Kensington, the Doctor programs it to destroy its master. "Hang on!" shouts Clay. "How on Earth would that War Machine get up the Post Office Tower lift? And isn't it a bit of a cop-out? Given that the Doctor is pitted against an extremely clever computer, he just sends a robot upstairs to blow it up?"

"It's a bit simplistic," agrees Jac. "The Doctor didn't even try to rescue Brett and Krimpton and the others under WOTAN's control before sending in his machine – and doesn't seem to care. Another resemblance to the early Doctor, there!"

With Votaghn forcibly unplugged, the Doctor heads for the TARDIS to meet Dodo. The girl, however, has sent her apologies. "So that's it?" asks Clay. "An off-screen goodbye? Unforgiveable. No wonder the Doctor looks so annoyed!"

But look: Ben has the Doctor's spare TARDIS key, and before you can say 'cor blimey!' he and Polly are whisked into time and space . . . well, Cornwall. For *The Smugglers* Episode 1.

"The Doc sounds so disappointed that he's got more company," opines Jac. "You can understand it, really, he never gets to choose his company anymore. Do his words, 'I really thought I was going to be alone again' imply he travelled on his own once, without Susan?"

Peter is impressed by Polly and Ben's blasé attitude – "They show no sense of wonder about the TARDIS interior. These 60s kids are so cool!" – but Clay's feeling irked. "Why are they being so annoyingly disbelieving of the Doctor?" asks Clay. "They refuse to believe they might have travelled in time, but even if they had just travelled instantaneously to Cornwall in a Police Box, it's still pretty bloody amazing! Did they not think to ask how he did it?"

In an unprecedented splurge of lost-to-audio location filming, our travellers find their way to a church, and meet Warden Joseph Longfoot. He's suspicious of the Doctor and 'his boys' at first (and put like that, who wouldn't be?), but soon tells him of the local smuggling goings-on and confides a secret in the form of a poor riddle that struggles to rhyme 'key' with 'Guerney'.

"The Churchwarden might as well hold up a big board with the whole plot written on it and point it at the camera," says Clay. "It'd be just as subtle a way to get his information across and we wouldn't have to put up with all those 'ye's and 'thee's!"

"Come off it," rumbles Richard. "The scenes with Longfoot and the inn-keeper Kewper are superbly written! There's some really good characterisation – it really gets the story off to a good start!"

By Episode 2, the Doctor has been kidnapped by Cherub, the bald and angry henchmen of the psychotic gentleman pirate Captain Pike. Held aboard their ship, the *Black Albatross*, the Doctor is menaced by Pike's pike (which has replaced his hand), and Cherub's knife, 'Thomas Tickler'. Does he name all his cutlery?

"Eurgh!" chokes Clay. "Cherub's not one to mince his words, is he? What *do* the Indians do to people's eyelids? His threats are strong stuff for a kids' series!"

But the Doctor's wits give him the upper hand over all these sharp objects. "I like the clever way the Doctor sucks up to Pike's vanity and gets Cherub into the Captain's bad books!" sniggers Richard. "Very sneaky!"

Back at the inn, Ben and Polly have been banged up as well, accused of the murder of cryptic old Longfoot – actually Thomas Tickler's doing. "Brilliant!" laughs Jac. "How Ben and Polly outwit their captor by pretending to be witches. It's like being back in the Cave of Skulls! I'm really taking a shine to this story!"

"Ben and Polly are real in-yer-face companions, aren't they?" agrees Peter. "Resourceful, gregarious and loyal. I'd love to travel through time and space with them!"

AND YOU SAID . . .

THE WAR MACHINES

"It's probably an obvious thing to say, but for me *The War Machines* is really the blueprint for the future of the show. There's the superficial things, like no more individually-titled episodes and more outside footage, but more importantly than that, there's the plot: Earth menaced by a non-extra-terrestrial being, perfectly decent people brainwashed into subservience, the army drafted in to help, and Government ministers looking on in bewilderment. But even more importantly than that is the way companions are briskly got rid of and introduced without much wailing or gnashing of teeth. I bet after a weeks' gap the original audience forgot about poor Dodo and began to happily drool over Polly" *Andrew Bove, via e-mail*

Episode 1

"The Doctor and Dodo seem to gain entry to WOTAN very easily. Can you imagine turning up unannounced on the door of IBM's headquarters and asking to see their most powerful experimental computer? You'd get locked up!" *Toby Lindsay, Staffs*

Episode 4

"Notice that the Doctor is taking all the credit for working out that the final attack is going to happen at 12 o'clock – when Ben's already told him precisely that in the previous episode!" *Karen Tayler, Cambs*

THE SMUGGLERS

Episode 1

"Why is Ben so desperate to get back to his barracks? I thought he said at the beginning of *The War Machines* that he was on shore leave for the next six months?" *Tim Raw, Newcastle*

For DWM 298, we need your comments on *The Power of the Daleks* 3 to *The Highlanders* 4 by 5 October

Captain, caveman . . .

1965's *Mission to the Unknown* saw actor Jeremy Young don the uniform of space pilot Captain Lowery – not that his brush with Daleks and venomous Varga plants marked his *Doctor Who* debut. Two years earlier, he'd donned animal skins to play Kal – a suspiciously articulate caveman with an unhealthy interest in fire – in *Doctor Who*'s first-ever adventure. With that very story re-released on video, Benjamin Cook meets the man who played the series' original villain . . .

Via grainy 405-line screens, television audiences of the early 1960s witnessed a Police Public Call Box travel through time and rematerialise on a barren landscape, over which fell the shadow of a man. "It was *Doctor Who*'s first cliffhanger," chuckles Jeremy Young, "and my shadow became an overnight sensation!"

Indeed, Jeremy and his shadow have played more parts than they care to remember in a career spanning over 40 years. "I suppose I should have gone to university," admits Jeremy, "but I decided to go into show business instead. I started out in weekly rep – which was tough, but I had no choice – and I eventually broke into television as a regular on a show called *Deadline Midnight*. I played an intrepid, foot-in-the-door reporter – who I actually based on [then *Daily Mirror* journalist] Desmond Wilcox – and Peter Vaughan played my editor. It was quite a popular series, but then we went on an actors' strike against ITV and that pretty much finished the show off."

Shortly afterwards, Jeremy received a phone call from his agent to say that a young director at the BBC wanted to see him for a part in a new children's programme. "The director was Waris Hussein. He took me out to lunch and tried to sell me his vision for a new science fiction series called *Doctor Who*. '*Doctor Who*?' I said. 'Don't you mean *Dr No*?' '*Dr No* is a James Bond movie,' laughed Waris, 'whereas *Doctor Who* will be an adventure series about an old man who travels through time and space in a Police Box.' Waris didn't go into too much more detail, but I thought he was offering me a decent enough part and so I accepted. 'Oh – there is just one other thing,' Waris added, ominously. 'You're going to be playing a caveman! You don't mind running around in furs, do you?' 'Well, er, I suppose not,' I murmured. I was fitter in those days, you see. He then asked: 'You don't happen to know of another actor who would also be prepared to run around in furs and get a bit dirty, do you?' Well, as it happened, I'd recently worked with a lovely guy called Derek Newark – who's sadly no longer with us – and so, following my recommendation, Waris cast Derek as Za."

Jeremy remembers why the two cavemen didn't quite see eye-to-eye: "Za was the hero caveman," he explains, "and Kal was the villain. Both men sought the secret of fire and they ended up fighting each other to the death, didn't they? It was written in the script that Za breaks Kal's neck and then smashes his skull open with a cudgel – so when Derek hit me over the head, I let out the most bloodcurdling scream. I thought it was a great piece of acting, but Waris had to explain that I mustn't scream so loud in case I frightened the children! The BBC were very wary of things like that."

The serial's costume supervisor also went to some lengths to ensure that Jeremy didn't frighten *Doctor Who*'s younger viewers. "The fight scene involved a fair bit of rough-and-tumble and I was anxious to – how can I put it? – preserve my modesty." You didn't want viewers to catch sight of something unbroadcastable? "Exactly. So Waris decided that Derek and I would have to wear some sort of bikini-type pants and the costume supervisor designed some fur-trimmed briefs for us to wear. But, of course, the kids spotted it and they wrote into *Junior Points of View* in their droves, asking to see the clip again. So every now and then, the fight sequence was repeated – usually redubbed with wrestling commentary – and they used to freeze the action just as Derek and I were tumbling over each other. 'Look at that!' they'd say. 'The best dressed cavemen are wearing furry knickers!'

"Incidentally, we travelled to Ealing Film Studios for that fight sequence and so, rather than recording our skirmish at the BBC, we were able to use Ealing's film cameras. For added realism, they even imported this huge lot of sand into the studio, but forgot to tell us that the sand was crawling with fleas! Under the hot lights the creatures came to life and, to make matters worse, the guest cast were all dressed in furs. So by the end of the day we were covered in fleas and bitten from head to toe."

Such discomfort proved too much for one woman to endure. "One of the cavewomen extras was a rather attractive blonde lady – she really was stunning to look at. I was plucking up the courage to chat her up after we'd finished filming, but as the day wore on and the fleas continued to bite, she became more and more irate. The final straw came when the make-up people greased back her hair, painted her face with mud and tried to blacken her teeth. She burst into tears and stormed out of the studio screaming, 'Stop it! Stop it! I just can't take anymore. I didn't ask to be covered in crap and bitten to death!' She was, apparently, a professional model. Her agent had told her that she would be spending the day at Ealing modelling furs! Silly woman."

Jeremy was more impressed with *Doctor Who*'s four regular cast members. Leafing through a recent copy of **DWM**, he spots a photograph of William Russell. "Ah, Bill! He's still in the business, isn't he? Bill was a lovely guy. Jackie Hill was also delightful to work with, though she died a few years ago, didn't she? That was a terrible shame. She was such a sweet lady, so unassuming. And look! There's the gorgeous Carole Ann Ford. Actually . . . Oh, I don't think this ought to be recorded."

Two minutes (and one fascinating revelation) later, we're back. "Carole's a voice teacher now, you know. All that screaming on *Doctor Who* must have done wonders for her vocal chords!" And William Hartnell? "I shouldn't think it affected his vocal chords!" quips Jeremy, avoiding the question. I try again. "Well, Bill Hartnell was okay, but he could be a bit, um, irritable. 100,000 BC was his first outing as the Doctor and I think he was still finding his feet. The poor guy was also under a great deal of pressure. He was playing the lead in a cheap children's show that the BBC had lost all faith in and, let's face it, his reputation as an actor was at stake."

So how far were the guest cast aware of the BBC's lack of faith? "We weren't. 100,000 BC was just another job – nobody could have predicted that *Doctor Who* would take off in the way it did – and so there was no time to get involved in backroom politics. We were all in the crap together – so to speak – and so we just did the best we could under the circumstances. Television was much tougher in those days . . ."

'I can't spout forth in perfect BBC English!' I told the director. 'Surely a caveman would just grunt?'

Jeremy remembers watching 100,000 BC when it was originally broadcast. "I thought the theme music was fantastic," he enthuses, "but I still think that the script was far too wordy. During rehearsals, I had questioned the fact that the cavemen's dialogue was so perfectly formed and grammatically correct. 'I can't spout forth in perfect BBC English!' I'd argued. 'Surely a caveman would just grunt?' In the end, they let me add a few extra grunts and groans, but I still think Kal sounded far too educated."

The Doctor (William Hartnell) fleas – sorry, flees – the horribly infested Tribe of Gum. *The Firemaker*

Twenty years later, Jeremy was working in America and he decided to visit a ghost town. "They've turned many of them into tourist attractions," he explains, "and so I paid one a visit. As is so often the case, I ended up in the gift shop and, as I was browsing, I heard a cry from across the room. 'Just a minute,' it said. 'Look at that! Surely not?' I turned round to see the shopkeeper staring at me in utter amazement. 'Holy cow!' he muttered. 'It's Kal from *Doctor Who*!' He took me into the back room and showed me his *Doctor Who* collection! Apparently, he'd recognised me from my profile – I couldn't believe it."

Despite 100,000 BC's hairier moments, Jeremy returned to *Doctor Who* in 1965 to play Captain Gordon Lowery in *Mission to the Unknown*. "At the time, I was rehearsing a play for the Edinburgh Festival. I was playing MacDuff in a production of *Macbeth* and, although rehearsals lasted for three weeks, I wasn't needed at all during the second week – MacDuff is off-stage for a whole chunk of the play, you see. Anyway, my agent phoned me up and said, 'Look, the BBC have been in touch. They want you to do another *Doctor Who* . . .'"

As luck would have it, the *Doctor Who* in question was only a single episode – the teaser for a subsequent 12-part epic, *The Daleks' Master Plan*. "So I accepted immediately," reveals Jeremy. "I was even looking forward to working with William Hartnell again . . ."

Alas, *Mission to the Unknown* was to be the only serial in *Doctor Who*'s history not to feature any of the regular cast. "When I received the script, I realised that it was basically 25 minutes of me and Edward de Souza

Furs among equals: Kal (Jeremy Young) and Horg (Howard Lang) proudly display their pelts

[Marc Cory] marooned on an alien planet. We didn't get to meet up with anyone." But didn't the Daleks keep you company? 'No they bloody didn't! *100,000 BC* was much more fun. Mind you, it was the Daleks who earned *Doctor Who* the respect that it deserved – come 1965, the show was a huge success. It's a shame that I couldn't stick around long enough to notice the difference."

I wonder whether the Daleks were difficult to work with. "Oh, terribly difficult! They were always complaining about the size of their dressing rooms or phoning their agents on Skaro to demand more money. One of them even tried to exterminate our assistant floor manager, you know!" I'm getting the impression that Jeremy isn't taking my line of questioning seriously. "During rehearsals, the Dalek operators only used to wear their skirts. They'd sit on their little seats with their feet touching the floor, hurtling around the rehearsal room like little kids in Noddy cars. They even used to stick out their arms to emulate the exterminators!" Jeremy is heartily amused. "Peter Hawkins – who voiced the Daleks – would stand at the back of the room shouting, 'Ex-ter-min-ate! Ex-ter-min-ate! You-shall-be-ex-ter-min-ated!' In fact, one of the Dalek operators actually looked like the insides of a Dalek! I'd better not mention his name." Oh, go on. "No way! I can't compare a respected member of the acting profession to a Dalek's internal organs! I am being recorded, you know." I once again stop recording to avoid any embarrassment when our interview is published, promising Jeremy that John Scott Martin shall remain nameless.

"Was I exterminated by the Daleks?" asks Jeremy. I explain that Lowery was pricked by a poisonous Varga thorn. "And then?" He mutated into a Varga plant. "That's right! How silly. I remember them covering my hands in rabbit skin and furry pink balls. Then I went mad and Edward de Souza shot me – 'licensed to kill' and all that. They based Marc Cory on James Bond, you see. I remember lying there as the Daleks appeared – for a brief moment, I forgot that ugly little men were peddling away inside the casings and felt a genuine shiver down my spine.

"But Edward and I were space travellers, weren't we? Our rocket ship had crashed on the Dalek planet but, because *Doctor Who*'s budget didn't stretch to the entire spacecraft, they only bothered building the base! We then had to repair the rocket in order to escape, but budgetary restrictions spoilt that too and we ended up repairing our space shuttle with a hammer and chisel! 'This is supposed to be a high-tech alien spacecraft,' I cried. 'I can't hammer away at it with a bloody mallet!'"

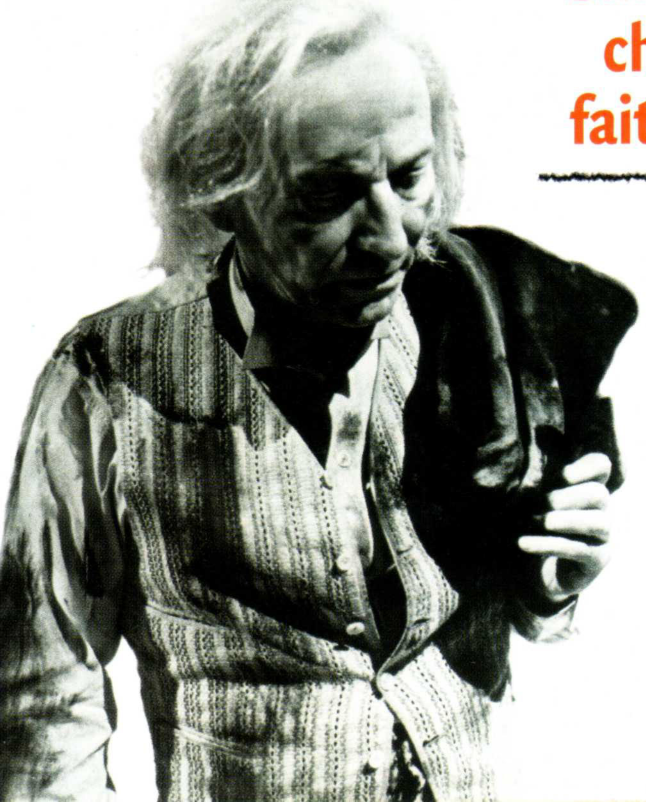
Mission to the Unknown marked the end of the reign of *Doctor Who*'s first producer, Verity Lambert (even though the daily running of the show had effectively passed to her successor, John Wiles). "Verity was fantastic! She was such an astute and observant girl – although still, of course, very young. *Doctor Who* was her big break into television and it's nice to have appeared in both her first and last serials. I also consider myself incredibly lucky to have worked with two first-rate directors: Waris Hussein and Derek Martinus. They coped extremely well with *Doctor Who*, even though Verity put them both under a lot of pressure. Waris in particular had one hell of a lot on his plate, given that he was as young and as green as Verity. I had more experience in front of the cameras than both of them put together!"

During the 1970s, the BBC embarked on a policy of wiping or destroying their old videotapes. *Mission to the Unknown* was just one casualty – and no footage from the episode is known to exist. "The likelihood of *Mission to the Unknown* being found is not good," admits Jeremy, "but I can't pretend to be too distraught. The aficionados probably feel immense pain but, as an actor, there are some performances that you really don't want to see again. It was 35 years ago and I'm not sure I want to be reminded how old and decrepit I've become! My hair was chestnut brown in those days; now it's as white as snow. I should thank the Lord for losing *Mission to the Unknown*." I thought the BBC lost it. "The BBC were idiots! They must have lost millions from video sales, repeat fees and the like. How many episodes are still missing?" 109, I tell him. "I can understand why the fans are so annoyed then. It must be like missing Thursday night's *EastEnders* and then forgetting to watch the omnibus edition on Sunday afternoon!"

100,000 BC, on the other hand, exists in its entirety, enabling all four episodes to be remastered and recently released on BBC Video. "It's the second time they've released *100,000 BC*," Jeremy muses, "and so it must still be very popular. Every now and then I receive a cheque for royalties through the post – never very much, but every little helps."

And, as chance would have it, Jeremy's agent is now none other than Jessica Carney – William Hartnell's grand-daughter. "It's pure coincidence, but jolly nice. I had a great deal of respect for William Hartnell, I really did. He was a true professional and we all have a lot to thank him for. *Doctor Who* owes everything to Bill . . . and, I suppose, the Daleks!" He flashes a wicked grin. "Both could be difficult to work with, but they both made *Doctor Who* into a television success story. It's a success story that I'm very glad to have been part of." DWM

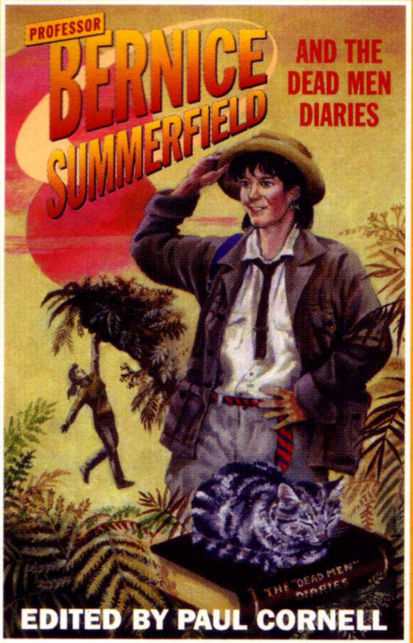
'Bill Hartnell was playing the lead in a children's show the BBC had lost all faith in. His reputation was at stake!'



BENNY'S BACK!

OH, AND SHE'S BROUGHT THE CAT, THE COLLECTOR AND THE PORTER WITH HER.

THEN THERE'S THE GRUMPY GROUNDSKEEPER,
THE BRUTISH BUILDER AND THE WEIRD PUBLICIST.
AND MS JONES THE ADMINISTRATOR.
NOW, SHE'S THE ONE EVERYONE'S REALLY SCARED OF!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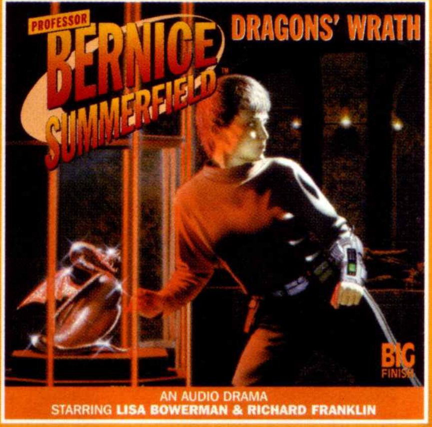
PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD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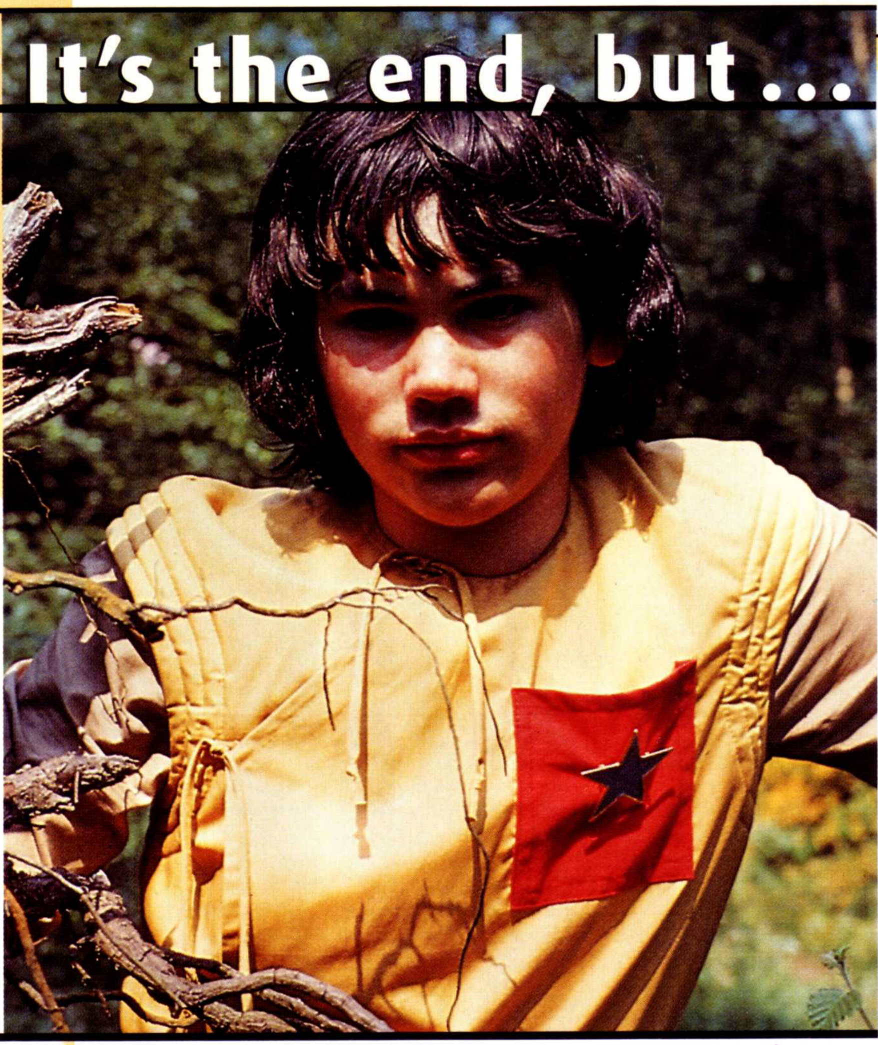
It's the end, but . . .

by **The Watcher**



There was a young lad from Alzarius Blessed with aptitudes many and various . . .

. . . In his quest for new data
He got stuck on a freighter,
With results that were frankly hilarious.

Aren't limericks wonderful? Well, maybe not that particular one, but bear with me. Since its anonymous creation in the early 1820s (for, contrary to popular belief, the limerick pre-dates the work of its most renowned early exponent, Edward Lear), this nimble metric form has opened the floodgates on a triumphant torrent of sophisticated wit, bawdy humour, barbed satire, convoluted tongue-twisters and downright nonsense.

One of the great strengths of the limerick is that it offers a neutral territory on which the elegant and the vulgar collide; it's a poetic form which effortlessly straddles both high and low culture. Notable exponents include Lord Tennyson, Mark Twain, WH Auden, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Isaac Asimov. And it's not all about young ladies from various parts of the country – a fact demonstrated by what I believe is the only limerick ever quoted in *Doctor Who*. When he ponders "a naive 18th century philosophy" in the first episode of *Time-Flight*, the Doctor cites the anonymous rejoinder to an intellectually rarefied limerick by the Oxford theologian Ronald Knox (1888-1957), tackling that old perceived-reality chestnut about whether a tree exists if there's nobody there to see it. Knox's original limerick ran:

There once was a man who said: "God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If He finds that this tree
Continues to be,
When there's no-one about in the Quad."

. . . to which the anonymous riposte, as quoted in *Time-Flight*, was:

Dear Sir, your astonishment's odd:
I am always about in the Quad.
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be,
Since observed by, yours faithfully, God.

It would be fair to say, however, that most limericks have lower things on their minds. Even so, an honourable characteristic of the form is its studious avoidance of the obvious: the best 'vulgar' limericks contain nothing vulgar at all, preferring instead to hint at a rhyme that never arrives:

The forthright Miss Tegan Jovanka
Muttered "Rabbits!" with passion and rancour.
But sometimes was heard
A far nastier word –
Thank Jovanka's most frank lingua franca.

Abject apologies are due, but you get the idea. And then of course there's the noble tradition of 'plot-summary' limericks, which can readily be applied to the *Doctor Who* story of one's choice. How about:

Omega's motives are dark
In this tale of an Infinite Arc.
He employs a big hen
To kidnap young men,
And he smiles at small boys in the park.

Or alternatively:

Young Vicki, a stranded civilian,
At chances of one in a million,
Gets rescued by Billy
From a plot that is silly –
It's Bennett, disguised as Koquillion!

Or perhaps:

In the first and best Peladon story,
The King's a Ted Heath-style soft Tory.
Xenophobic avowal
Makes the priest Enoch Powell,
But who the hell's Alpha Centauri?

Failing that, there's always the 'clean but vaguely suggestive nonsense' option:

A Sister from Karn called Ohica
Made a chastity belt from a beaker.
This unusual appliance
Barred Cyrrenic Alliance
'Twixt the Graff Vynda-K and the Seeker.

And so, my friends, at long last we arrive at the point of all this. There are a good three months still to go until the *Christmas Quiz*, and I believe we should all have some fun in the meantime. Therefore, with an appropriate sense of terror and foreboding, I hereby announce The Watcher's Limerick Competition. You have until 31 October to send me your finest efforts, the best of which will be printed in a future issue. Points will be awarded for elegant rhymes and scansion, and for the skill with which items of unlikely Whovian vocabulary are shoe-horned into the unforgiving metre. You may wish to summarise a story or encapsulate a particular character, or perhaps to expound on a more abstract *Who*-related topic. Mark your entries LIMERICK COMPETITION and send them to the usual address. And remember – you only have until Hallowe'en.

Okay, folks, get writing. Your time starts . . . now! **DWM**

The Final Test

Know your Serial B from your NNN? As usual, there are no prizes – it's just for fun. Answers next issue.

What connects:

1 Professor Kyle; Russell; a Cyberleader; and the First, Fifth and Sixth Doctors?

2 *Day of the Daleks, The Hand of Fear, The Stones of Blood* and *City of Death*?

3 Liz and the Brigadier in *The Ambassadors of Death*; the Master and Mike in *The Dæmons*; Benton and the Brigadier in *Planet of the Spiders*; and Harry in *Robot*?

4 Katarina, Dodo, Peri [pictured] and no others (unless you count Victoria)?

5 Oscillator, Syndrome and Maynarde's creditor?

6 *The Screaming Jungle, The Snows of Terror, Mission to the Unknown, The Sea Beggar, Priest of Death* and no others?

Answers from last issue

1 The Doctor plays chess.

2 The actors who play them (Earl Cameron, Philip Locke, George Pravda, Leonard Sachs, Edward Underdown) all appear in the Bond film *Thunderball*.

3 They are all episodes of Gerry Anderson series (*Captain Scarlet, Fireball XL5, UFO* and *Stingray* respectively).

4 'Chase': Gabriel Chase (*Ghost Light*); Sir Bothwell Chase (haunts mansion in *The Seeds of Doom*); and *The Chase* (Barbara's last story).

5 The Doctor blasts off in a rocket!

6 They have all played characters who appear in *The Mind Robber* (Gulliver, Sir Lancelot, D'Artagnan, Cyrano de Bergerac, Blackbeard).

COMING NEXT ISSUE!

FREE POSTER!

Hi-ho, silver!

To mark the release of BBC Video's Cybermen boxed set, DWM celebrates the tin titans of Telos with a fantastic double-sided A2 poster – and a host of other Cyber-goodies, too . . .

- On the eve of its video release, the Restoration Team take us through the painstaking process of bringing *The Tenth Planet*'s missing final episode to life!
- The *Time Team* say hello, wave goodbye as the First Doctor's tenure comes to an end and the Cybermen arrive in a blaze of . . . er, anoraks!
- And the Fourth Doctor faces up to the biggest bang in history – not to mention a certain group of silver giants – as *Revenge of the Cybermen* gets the *Archive* treatment!

Plus!

Don't know your Patrexes from your Panopticons? Look and learn as we present the first part of our A to Z of Gallifrey!

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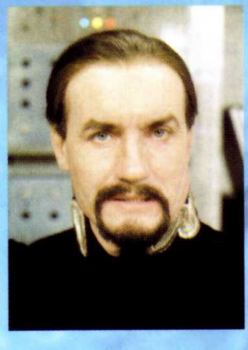

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